



The Stranger

FREE EVERY WEDNESDAY • VOL. 24, NO. 21 • JANUARY 21-27, 2013

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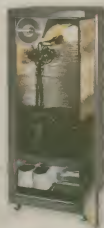


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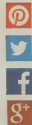
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the Stranger

Volume 24, Issue Number 21
January 21-27, 2015

STUDY GUIDE

QUESTIONS TO GUIDE YOUR
ENJOYMENT OF THE STRANGER

1. Because the Seahawks are heading to the Super Bowl, it's time for *Stranger* staff to jump on the fair-weather-fan handwagon. This week, the news section features a sports piece by local playwright SPIKE FRIEDMAN that makes absolutely no sense. Does he believe he can predict the future? Is Friedman's passion for football so fervent that he now believes he can pierce the veil of time and space? Is this piece a parody of Seattle's football-related insanity, or is it sincere? If the latter, why didn't *The Stranger* obtain psychological help for Friedman rather than publish his rantings?

2. Speaking of the 1990s, the splashy front page of the music section is an appreciation of the band Sleater-Kinney, written by one ELIZABETH NELSON BRACY, which argues that their newest album might be their best album. As a fun research project, go to the Seattle Public Library and dig up some old magazine reviews of the Eagles' *Hell Freezes Over* tour in 1994. In your opinion, does the 21-year-old praise reserved for the Eagles resemble Bracy's adulation of Sleater-Kinney? Do you think Sleater-Kinney is this generation's Eagles? Why or why not? Why does nostalgia make people so willing to appreciate weaker efforts from bands they may have enjoyed in their youth?

3. In the film section, CHARLES MUDEDE attempts to launch a controversy by arguing that William S. Burroughs has more value as the subject of a movie than as a novelist. However, since the only people who care about the writing of William S. Burroughs are usually inquisitive young men from the year 1968, Mudede's aspirations to kick off a "clickbait" campaign fail to arouse interest. Which is worse—when Mudede says something incendiary about race or womanhood and people charge in from all over the internet to inform him that he's wrong, or when Mudede tries to lob a grenade only to have his attempts conclude with a wet fizzle? If Mudede says something aggravating and nobody bothers to care, can Mudede be said to exist at all?

4. Music editor EMILY NOKES has published the second edition of an ongoing column that has seemingly taken the place of the arts calendars. It's called "The High List," and it's a collection of events to attend if you're high, with related nearby snack locations. Setting aside the shameless nearly school-level humor of the column, is the fact that *The Stranger* is now requiring its readers to visit their online calendars for arts event information yet another sign that *The Stranger* is giving up on arts coverage entirely?

COVER ART

By KELLY O

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LAST DAYS

The Week in Review BY DAVID SCHMADER

MONDAY, JANUARY 12 This week—of foxy apologies, super-heroic Seahawks, and the double amputation of a single penis—kicked off in the world of semantics, as navigated by the Seattle City Council, which today voted unanimously to change the name of the crime of “patronizing a prostitute” to “sexual exploitation.” “In a nutshell, the idea is to attack the demand-side of prostitution and human trafficking,” said Seattle city attorney Pete Holmes to the *Seattle Times*. “You do that by recognizing that in most cases the prostituted person is a victim... and by making it clear that there are consequences for coming to Seattle to buy sex.” (Regarding those consequences: As the *Times* reported, state senator Jeanne Kohl-Welles is working on a bill to bump up the crime of patronizing a prostitute/sexual exploitation from a simple misdemeanor to a gross misdemeanor, increasing the offense’s maximum penalty from 90 days to a year in jail.) But today our subject is semantics: “I think words do matter,” Holmes told the *Times*. “We patronize Starbucks stores. You engage in a crime of sexual exploitation.” Forever taking issue with the practice of labeling all prostitution “exploitation,” self-pimping professional sex workers, whose logical arguments against being treated like victims of abuse are peren-

nially drowned out by emotional pleas to stop treating victims of abuse like sex workers. Whatever the case: “The SPD’s vice and high-risk victims unit has shifted emphasis from sting targeting sex workers to operations targeting sex buyers,” reported the *Times*. “The office’s goal has been to file more cases for patronizing a prostitute than for prostitution. In 2011, prosecutors filed 98 patronizing and 199 prostitution cases. From 2012 through September 2014, they filed 188 patronizing and 34 prostitution cases.”

TUESDAY, JANUARY 13 Speaking of nasty sex-related doings, the week continued in China, where a woman is in police custody after repeatedly chopping off her husband’s penis. Tasty details come from the *New York Post*: “Fan Lung, a dad of five, sealed his fate when he decided to use his wife’s cell phone to send his secret lover a hot and heavy e-mail... The 32-year-old forgot to log out of his account after the message was sent, which is how his 21-year-old wife, Feng—who is now under arrest for

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Ah, love. It can take so many forms: “exciting and new,” “many-splendored,” “a battlefield.” But who cares what poets say? Every Valentine’s Day, we turn The Stranger’s hallowed pages over to our cherished readers, that they might express the true meaning of the greatest four-letter word in our language (not counting “fuck,” obviously). Got a husband? Wife? Sweetheart? All of the above? Well, now you can let them know you care, without paying a red cent.

Here’s how: Submit your Valentine (40 words max) at thestranger.com/valentines. Deadline is Friday, February 6, at 5 p.m. Act fast, Romeo! Only the first 2,000 entries will go on our February 11 print edition. But don’t fret, Juliet: Every last valentine will go online at thestranger.com.

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What’s that you say? You’re a beloved local business with a fantastic Valentine’s Day event on the schedule? WE WANT TO KNOW! Send your listing to calendar@thestranger.com by Friday, January 23, and we’ll run it in the issues of January 28, February 4, and the February 11 Valentine’s issue.

The fine print: No jerks, no stalkers, no last names, no phone numbers, no kissing. Just kidding. Kissing is encouraged. One valentine per customer, please.



I, ANONYMOUS

To submit an unshared confession or accusation, send an e-mail to anonymous@thestranger.com. Please remember to change the names of the innocent and guilty.



PHOTO: WELLS

GO BACK TO MARS, ALIEN

I’ve known you my entire life and have always suspected you were a freakin’ automaton bitch, big sister. When I was small, I would sit in the backseat of the family station wagon listening to your narcissistic rap sessions with the Ice Queen (aka Mother) and wonder if I was the only person on earth with feelings. I’m grown up now and live a satisfying life, accepting of my genetic inheritance and the bizarre family dynamics that formed me. It took years and a lot of arduous work to get here. Which is why, when our recent attempt at communication about a family matter morphed into your atavistic drive for dominance, I completely lost it and screamed your fucking dead ears right off. I’m not proud of this and I know it won’t make a difference. I even apologized to you. But consider this, you phony cunt: Anyone who shamelessly admits to not feeding her cat for days at a time needs to take a serious look in the mirror. A little humility goes a long way.

—Anonymous

CUT AND CUT AGAIN

grievous bodily harm—came across the saucy exchange and snapped.” Alleged components of Peng Lung’s snapping: reporting the bedroom with a pair of scissors to cut off her husband’s penis, then sneaking into the hospital room where her husband was recovering from penile reattachment surgery to cut off his penis again, after which she reportedly threw it out the hospital window. “Despite desperate search efforts, authorities were unable to find Lung’s manhood,” reported the *Post*. “Police believe it may have been stumbled upon by a stray dog or cat.” Condolences to the unhappy couple and congratulations to the lucky dog or cat. (Fun fact: Had this tale involved a husband repeatedly cutting off his wife’s clitoris, no one would be laughing. Here’s to the comedic power of wieners and punching up.)

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14 The week continued with the beguiling story of Michael Hoyt, the 44-year-old Ohio man who told police of his plan to murder Speaker of the House John Boehner, after which he was indicted on charges of threatening to murder John Boehner. As CNN reports, Hoyt allegedly concocted his “murder Boehner” plan after being fired from the Wetherington Golf &



BOEHNER’S FAULT?

Country Club, where he was employed as a bartender who’d regularly served Boehner. On October 23, Hoyt called police to alert them he was anti-Boehner plan. “Hoyt told the officer he was Jesus Christ and he was going to kill

Boehner because Boehner was mean to him at the country club and because Boehner is responsible for Ebola,” wrote United States Capitol Police special agent Christopher Desrosiers in his report. “Hoyt advised he had a loaded Beretta 380 automatic and he was going to shoot Boehner and take off.” (Hoyt also mentioned the possibility of poisoning Boehner’s wine.) As for Hoyt’s motive to alert police: “He said he hoped sharing his threats with law enforcement officers would prompt Boehner to apologize, and force him to discuss the issue of Ebola,” reported CNN. Addressing the hubbub at a news conference tomorrow, Boehner will be sweetly diplomatic: “Obviously this young man has got some health issues, mental health issues that need to be addressed, and I hope he gets the help he needs.”

THURSDAY, JANUARY 15 In better news, the week continued with a heartening story out of Fort Lauderdale, where a young man is being hailed as a hero after he helped save the life of the cop processing his arrest. “Last September, Officer Franklin Foulks was processing Jamal Rutledge on charges of violation of probation for criminal mischief and burglary, when suddenly Foulks collapsed,” reported NBC Miami, noting that the fallen Officer Foulks was clutching his chest. “[The Fort Lauderdale Police Department] says Rutledge immediately began to kick the security fence and yell to alert nearby officers... the attending medical staff noted that the immediate actions by Rutledge, along with the quick response by nearby officers, saved Foulks’s life.” Thank you, Jamal Rutledge, for showing police the proper response to “I can’t breathe.”

FRIDAY, JANUARY 16 Speaking of young men doing remarkable things in Florida, the week continued with news of the teenage boy who was apprehended by police this week after spending a month pretending to

be a doctor at a West Palm Beach hospital and nearby doctor’s office. “The boy, whose name and age were not released by police, had never seen patients at [St. Mary’s] Hospital, which is investigating the apparent breach,” reported Reuters. “The boy’s adventure came to an end on Tuesday when a patient at a doctor’s office next to the hospital informed staff of a child in an exam room wearing a St. Mary’s white lab coat with ‘anesthesiology’ embroidered on the front.” Police found no evidence of wrongdoing at the hospital, the boy’s mother apologized, and the hospital declined to prosecute the trespassing would-be Doogie.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17 Nothing happened today unless you count the four on-air apologies made by



SORRY WE SUCK

Fox News, addressing the network’s series of inflammatory lies about Muslims, including a claim that Birmingham, England, is “a totally Muslim city” and the erroneous

designation of several French neighborhoods as “no-go zones” where Islamic law rules and non-Muslims fear to tread.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 18 The week ends with the Seattle Seahawks’ heart-explodingly dramatic win over the Green Bay Packers, a whiplash-inducing overtime triumph that sent the entire Pacific Northwest into a screaming, weeping frenzy and earned the Seahawks another trip to the Super Bowl. ■

!!!!!! Send hot tips to lastdays@thestranger.com and follow me on Twitter @davideschmader.

Non-sexy sex-related doings at
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(1/21) Amir Aczel
 The Roots of Numbers

(1/22) Andrew Keen
 The Internet's Unseen Consequences

(1/22) Seattle Neufeld Community & ParentMap:
Dr. Gordon Neufeld
 Making Sense of Parent-Child Power Struggles

(1/22) Joshua Davis
 Immigration, Robots, and DREAMers

(1/23) Kimberly Parker:
 'Lost in Sound;
 A One Woman Play'

(1/24) Saturday Family Concerts
 The Bushwick Book Club Seattle
A.A. Milne's
 'Winnie-the-Pooh'

(1/24) Early Music Guild:
Pallade Musica
 'A Mio Modo'

(1/25) Seattle Festival Orchestra
Brahms, Saint-Saens,
Tchaikovsky, and Bryant

(1/26) StolenYouth presents
Sex Trafficking:
Changing a Culture of Demand

(1/26) Stephen R. and
Anthony R. Palumbi
 Diving Into the Mysteries
 of the Deep Sea

(1/27) Mozart Birthday Toast

(1/28) The YAMS Collective
 Race, Art, and Being Black

(1/28) Nazila Fathi
 The Evolution of Iran

(1/30) James K. Galbraith
 Understanding Inequality in
 America and the World

(1/30) Michael Sherman
 The Scientific Approach to
 Morality

(1/31) Seattle Arts & Lectures:
Patton Oswalt
 Off the Page

(2/2) Nikil Saval
 The Past and Future
 of Our Workplaces

(2/2) Adidas Outdoor presents
Reinhold Messner

(2/3) Norman Doidge
 How the Brain Heals the Body

(2/4) Seattle Arts & Lectures:
Sherman Alexie

(2/4) George Friedman
 Europe's Pending Catastrophe

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SPORTS



SEAHAWKS FANS ROARING The Patriots are the last team to win back-to-back Super Bowls, back when their tunnel mess was as bad as ours.

The Seahawks Facing the Patriots in the Super Bowl Is Some Serious *Lion King* Shit

Here's My Prediction About Who Will Win

BY SPIKE FRIEDMAN

"You just shared that demonstration of love and belief and never giving up and always fighting to the end. You shared that with everyone who follows us. The 12s are here. They're so strong."

—Seahawks coach Pete Carroll in the locker room, speaking to his team, minutes after the NFC Championship Game win

"Holy shit. Let's go! Let's fucking go! Super Bowl!"

—Me in the same moment, standing on a chair, screaming at uninterested strangers after five solid minutes of laugh-crying

It's been a couple days since the NFC Championship game ended with a historically improbable 35-yard touchdown pass from Russell Wilson to Jermaine Kearse, and I'm still

drained. If you look me in the eyes, I won't be fully present. The Seahawks managed to, through 55 minutes of failure and five minutes of brilliance, put on a performance that shook me to my core.

I happened to watch the game outside of Seattle, in a bar full of neutrals and one Packers fan. As we all staggered into the freezing rain after it was over, after the Seahawks comeback that really did happen (OH MY GOD, IT REALLY DID HAPPEN), I looked at the Packers fan and realized that we were, he and I, living that moment on a different plane than everyone else. He and I went through something that, for lack of a better word, was sacred.

But now I'm home again, the Seahawks

have just one game left to complete their Insufferable Journey to Rewinning the Super Bowl. Are we going to throttle New England like we did Denver? Or is a totally different, far less insufferable Super Bowl in the cards?

Looking back a full year, last year's team was just as good as goddamn good at everything. The defense was historically great, and while the secondary received the plaudits, the linebacking corps and defensive line were almost as good. That team was able to play some of their best players as little as half the time. They functioned with a specificity that is unheard of in the NFL.

Meanwhile, Marshawn Lynch finished the year as one of the three best running backs

in football, and Russell Wilson produced the opposite of a sophomore slump. Throw in a special teams unit that was historically great, and the second youngest roster in the NFL, and you're talking about the most talented NFL team of the salary cap era.

Then that roster was turned into something magic through Pete Carroll's leadership. Over a deeply satisfying 19 games, the Seahawks managed to be the footballing epitome of acting like they'd been there before, even though they hadn't. Never once did the team seem awed by the enormity of what they were accomplishing, because it made sense. They faced one moment of true crisis, in the NFC Championship game, but never lost contact with the game like they did this past Sunday.

Then the Super Bowl came against an elite AFC opponent with a Super Bowl winning quarterback, and for all the fear and angst the fan base had going into the game, the team knew it was going to win. And it did, throttling an outmatched Broncos team 43-8. The real Super Bowl had been the NFC Championship game—a perfectly rivalry game, perfectly played, where one virtuosic performance (Richard Sherman's dip) proved to be the difference in a battle of wills.

I don't think whatever happened against Green Bay was the real Super Bowl.

Playing the New England Patriots in a Super Bowl is everything. Everything. Let's run it down:

- Pete Carroll coached New England with moderate success before being fired so that the team could hire current coach Bill Belichick. I love Pete Carroll, but I still can't question that move. The firing made the Patriots what they are today and also made Pete Carroll what he is today. Now they're facing off in the Super Bowl! This game is already some serious *Lion King* shit.

- The Boston fan base invented moving from lovable losers to insufferable monsters. Seattle's insufferableness pales in comparison. You may already be receiving questionable texts from long-lost cousins named Fitz and Sully. And if you aren't, you will.

- Quarterback Tom Brady was declared done after a week-four meltdown against the Chiefs. Since then, he has proved himself to be very, very not done. Also, he's very very good-looking. Problematically good-looking.

- The Patriots need this. They won the first three Super Bowls of the Belichick/Brady era, but they have lost the last two in shocking fashion. A win cements the coach/QB pairing as one of the three greatest of all time. A third loss casts a weird shadow on their dynasty. They are masters of game planning and will pour everything into this game.

- And, oh yeah, dynasties. The Patriots are the last team to win back-to-back Super Bowls, back when their tunnel mess was as bad as ours. The Seahawks now have that opportunity. The hate and evil that lives in the heart of Bill Belichick, the Emperor Palpatine of the NFL, will drive them to prevent us from reaching that level. It will get ugly.

Very, very ugly.

So will we win?
Duh.

The real reason I think we've got this is that the Seahawks are a better version of a very good Chiefs team that had the Patriots' number. There is a model out there for a team with our skills to attack this Patriots team, and while they've improved since week four, I think their weaknesses remain exploitable.

But the real (and also less real) reason I'm insufferably confident is deeper: This Seahawks team is not what last year's Seahawks team was, because this year's team is Seattle. This year's team is the footballing manifestation of what this city can be. And they're just great enough to seize a moment where sports have the possibility to transcend the field.

Seattle is growing rapidly, and the impacts of this growth are varied enough to make my head spin. We live in a beautiful, dog-filled, socially liberal city with a strong economy. That's all great. But it's also obvious that our city's recent growth has had a serious cost in terms of growing inequality, underfunded infrastructure, and a lost sense of entrenched community, architectural heritage, and diversity.

In a much less important way, our team has gone through similar changes. Important cogs in the Seahawks machine were shed due to growth: Golden Tate, Red Bryant, Bruno Giacomini, Chris Clemons, Zach Miller, Paul Richardson, Percy Harvin, Brandon Mebane, and Jordan Hill are all out due to the effects of success and the violence of the game. This team has had weakness and adversity imposed upon it.

Last year, we got to root on a perfect machine, and it was fun sports.

This year's Seahawks are us: great in some ways, frustrating to others. And yet still somehow winning. This team is the best version of Seattle. They are the Seattle with a true sense of purpose, a true sense of togetherness in spite of flaws. And they're going to get us this win.

I think.

Maybe not. I'm still not fully present. But yeah, they are.

SEAL SHIT. Let's go. Let's fucking go. Super Bowl.



NEWS



TENT CITIES Homelessness has worsened during Murray's tenure.

How Ed Murray Changed His Mind on Homeless Encampments

The Mayor's Change of Heart Is a Huge Deal

BY HEIDI GROOVER

Since he was elected mayor, Ed Murray has played expert politician when it comes to homeless encampments, saying he doesn't support them while also not outright denouncing them. "I don't think the answer is encampments," he told *The Stranger* last year, while adding that he was "open to having a conversation around using public property" for encampments. In September, Murray advocated for putting the city's resources "into finding permanent housing—either temporary shelter or permanent housing—for folks who are homeless." But in the same comments he also said he wouldn't veto a bill legalizing encampments if the council passed one.

Meanwhile, homelessness in the city has worsened, and sweeps of tent encampments have increased. In September, the situation became more urgent when a man died after falling from a makeshift encampment near an I-5 overpass.

Council Member Nick Licata—who tried to pass a bill in 2013 to regulate encampments but was voted down by members who wanted to focus on shelters, transitional housing, and other efforts—said that Murray initially had "some serious doubts" about encampments.

But after the mayor's emergency task force on homelessness reported to the city council in December, saying the city should support seven tent cities, Murray shifted his opinion, and at a January 14 press conference said he would allow three. If the city council approves his proposal, the encampments will be permitted on nonresidential or city land for one year and will be required to follow rules about data collection, access to services, and proximity to transit and each other—maybe not the radical acceptance some advocates might have hoped for, but still a huge deal.

So what happened?

"Once he started the public process, he came to realize there's a large amount of support to realize the existence of encampments and make them livable," says Licata. "That goes to his credit of being willing to, quite honestly, adjust his perspective."

Murray did not respond to requests for comment. But there are several factors at play here.

The numbers: Homelessness is growing in the city. A one-night count conducted last year found 2,300 people sleeping outside—an

almost 16 percent increase from 2013 and starting when compared to federal statistics that show homelessness nationwide fell by 10 percent. In other words, as the task force told the city council in December, homelessness in Seattle is a "crisis."

The task force: The group includes some real crusaders on this issue, including Tim Harris, director of the newspaper and advocacy group Real Change, and Low Income Housing Institute director Sharon Lee.

After doing outreach at Nickelsville's last location, Lee says her group moved more than 70 individuals and families out of the encampment and into more permanent shelter. "What [that] showed was that a tent city didn't have to be a dead end," she says. "Just because you end up in a tent or a hut doesn't mean you're going to be there for years and years."

Harris praised Murray's decision and says he's "going out on a limb" since federal housing policy generally shies away from supporting encampments. "Up until three or four months ago, the whole encampment issue wasn't really meaningfully on [the mayor's] radar," he says. "People are being forced to deal with the reality—after nearly a decade of denying reality—that we're not able to keep up. We need to at least make an effort to help people who are on the street and unsheltered do that under safer conditions." Voices like this aren't new to the debate, but Licata says he thinks they got more attention from Murray and his staff on this task force than they'd been given before.

The politics: The bill still needs to pass a council vote. But since the legalization of encampments was last proposed, the makeup of the city council has changed significantly. Last year, Kahana Sawant, who's been a vocal supporter of encampments, replaced Richard Conlin, who voted against Licata's 2013 bill.

With the council's current makeup, passage seems likely, but the mayor's support could sway some holdouts. Council President Tim Burgess, who has consistently opposed encampments, now says he's "on the fence."

"I don't know if [the mayor's position] is the only reason people might change their votes... but any time any council member on any subject also has the mayor on their side, that's a very significant factor," Burgess says. "It certainly doesn't hurt. In this case, it might very well help." ■

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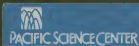
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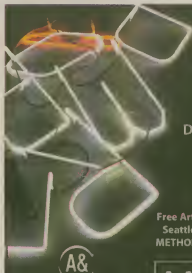
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How Listening to Music and Fighting with Susan Sontag Helped Me Cope with Chemo

A Year with Stage IV Cancer **By Trisha Ready**

Whatever I thought I meant when I said, "Give it to me straight, doc," I wasn't prepared when the radiologist answered, "I thought we would be talking about saving your breast, but now we're looking at whether we can save your life."

Her pronouncement followed a brief mammogram and ultrasound. They were brief because I only have one breast left to examine. A new tumor had been found in it. The radiologist debated about whether my cancer was stage IV—sometimes called "advanced" cancer. There is no cure for it. She said they would need a full-body PET scan to make a diagnosis. The ultrasound had already shown that cancer had migrated into my axillary (underarm) lymph nodes, and in a recent upper-body MRI scan, suspicious spots, probably cancer, were visible on the top of my liver.

I couldn't get my mind around the words she was using: "foreshortened life," "chronic," "stage IV." I needed a filter. I needed music. I often ask doctors if I can use music to help me through situations like these. But where were my earbuds? Were they in my computer bag? And where had I put my phone?

Earlier, waiting in the Swedish Breast Center lobby, I'd watched a woman walk in dazed circles looking for her phone, and the whole office staff and most of us patients joined the search.

I'd looked under my chair cushion. Clearly, the woman had received a lousy diagnosis. Her phone was probably sitting at the bottom of her purse, or on her kitchen counter, or on the front seat of her car, ringing and ringing. She'd said she couldn't remember where she'd parked. The mind flips course in shock, circling like a grieving bird around a buoyant emptiness.

The radiologist kept talking, but my capacity to translate information wasn't keeping pace. My partner found the earbuds and the phone with its minimal collection of music. I scrolled to Mary J. Blige's "Sweet Thing," and pressed play. I had it on very low volume, but I had it,



SUSAN SONTAG In 1972, two years before being diagnosed with stage IV breast cancer

I sat staring blankly at the screen. Fifty to sixty tumors? How's that possible?

and I needed it—needed paradox, something upbeat, a transport, a sweet voice calling up lost love, a steady rhythm to slow my heartbeat. The familiarity of the music calmed me down enough to be able to receive what the radiologist was saying.

Her next step was to shoot tiny metallic markers, which felt like thick staples from a staple gun, into my right breast. The markers remain in tissue to track whether the tumor grows or shrinks with treatment.

I'd had a mastectomy 10 years ago, but the radiologist clarified that the new cancer wasn't the same "barely-stage-I" variety I'd been

diagnosed with back then. The two cancers had nothing to do with each other. They were fed by different kinds of hormones, "which—sorry to say," she said, "makes you particularly unlucky." That cancer 10 years ago had been caught early and was easy to contain and excise. This new strain was aggressive, reproducing fast. It was definitely an emergency. This was early December of 2013, and already I was thinking that the coming Christmas might be my last. She scheduled an urgent PET scan to get more detailed images of my liver.

I had the strange sensation of my internal world—synapses, blood rhythms, identity aspirations—shifting in response to the gravitational pull of a new and precarious orbit. Since the first round of cancer in 2004, I had warned friends and family that if it recurred I would probably refuse traditional treatment. I hadn't quite decided what I would do instead. Go to Germany like Farrah Fawcett for treatments unproven or unreplicated, and thus restricted in the US? Visit a retreat center somewhere in the Himalayas or Marin County to meditate, get daily colonics, and go pale? I had reached a reactive tipping point somewhere during those 10 years where reading about cancer in magazines or listening to cancer treatment ads on the ▶



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radio irritated me, like constant nagging.

That cancer diagnosis came at a lousy time: My toddler nephew was dying from brain cancer. My brother and his wife were devastated; they'd tried every available treatment and cure including experimental laser knife surgeries. Their last effort was to dip their 3-year-old son in the legendary healing waters at Lourdes. My situation, in comparison to that, seemed random and vague—I'd had no symptoms before I was diagnosed at my first-ever mammogram with ductal carcinoma in situ, and anyway, I didn't trust the doctors' zeal for swift and preventative measures. I initially resisted their treatment prescriptions (excising tissue and lymph nodes) as a kind of medical colonization of my body. Everything seemed political to me back then. I considered myself an unwitting traveler in what Susan Sontag called the "kingdom of illness" at the beginning of her pivotal 1978 book *Illness as Metaphor*.

Sontag intended to mock illness metaphors—including that kingdom one. But her highbrow attempt at irony backfired because she conjured up an illness metaphor that resonated. Her literary double-backflip has largely been forgotten, and the powerful kingdom metaphor abides. She was attempting to deconstruct the dangers of metaphors that arise in relation to diseases whose causes are obscure, to purge us of metaphorical thinking and toward a strictly clinical approach, but she wasn't exactly immune to metaphorical thinking herself. This is someone who'd written in *Partisan Review* in 1957: "The white race is the cancer of human history."

Sontag advocated for the elimination of any symbolic language around diseases that might fuel prejudice or misunderstanding, or obstruct the search for clinical answers. This provided useful intellectual ballast during the AIDS epidemic, when the Reagan White House famously saw as punishment for sexual deviancy. As a postmodern advocate for science and its measurable truths, Sontag preferred precise and sanitized medical explanations over religious, literary, or cultural ones. She bristled at the portrayal of cancer as a battlefield enemy to be conquered through "war."

But she wasn't entirely right. In my view, metaphors may be as essential for humans as are light, shelter, and food. The battle metaphor will remain in the public discourse until we actually DO decode and cure cancer, which, like terrorism, seems to grow cells in secret, change, and evade, and as with the war on terror, the rhetoric brings urgency and a sense of purpose to the work.

Despite Sontag's insistence that there's always a clinical explanation, there isn't, not yet at least: Cancer arrives and disappears mysteriously. Its origins have been traced, among other things, to environmental influences and genetic tendencies. Perhaps cancer is a transient phenomenon in our bodies, which radicalizes once, or where, our immunity is weak. Recovering from and living with cancer is also mysterious; whether we like it or not, it often involves the reconstruction of a self, which involves language.

Illness as Metaphor was fueled by a clarifying rage. Sontag underwent a radical mastectomy, extensive radiation, and 36 grueling months of chemotherapy for stage IV breast cancer between 1974 and 1977. It's no surprise she sought intellectual refuge in a clean medical world wherein

humans could rise above primitive aspects of their bodies. In *Illness as Metaphor*, published in 1978, there is some worthwhile thinking and writing, but it's laced with disdain for anyone who doesn't think like she does. She takes unnecessary potshots, for example, at Wilhelm Reich and Georg Groddeck, both of whom had already been banished to the historical fringes of medicine, and both of whom argued that illness was to some extent self-determined. Sontag rightly named such thinking as morally dangerous because it could easily lead to blaming an ill person for being ill and for failing to recover.

On the other hand, Sontag's quick and total dismissal of Reich and Groddeck was facile. They weren't merely eccentric buffoons, as she'd have you believe. I do not have space in this essay to rectify Reich's tainted reputation, although some of his theories—at least his views on character structure—are well worth revisiting. Groddeck, who inspired Freud's concept of the id, advocated for treating illnesses by addressing the intersections between mind and body, such as when he combined analysis and massage. Groddeck also asserted that the urge to symbolize the urge toward metaphorical thinking—was essential to human development and healing.

Frankly, Groddeck's ideas about the power of metaphor have been much more appealing and comforting to me over the last year than Sontag's sterile terrain. Yes, metaphors can be used as blunt instruments to shut down discourse and short-circuit critical thinking. But metaphors also have the power to transcend and sometimes transform illness and other lousy human experiences. I think of my brother dipping his dying son in the waters of Lourdes, as he stood with his wife and hundreds of other desperate people dreaming of an ultimate cure. His son died a few weeks later. The waters were the symbolic moment that launched and carried them into grief, and helped them start to make sense of the unfathomable.

I'm not the first person to think this. Much has been written since the 1970s about how mind and body may be intertwined in what makes us sick and what heals us. Recent books like *Anticancer: A New Way of Life* and *Radical Remission* assert the importance of such activities as releasing suppressed emotions, accessing social support, eating whole foods, exercising, and meditating as part of what may be both preventative and curative.

As I've been wrangling with Sontag's thinking over the years—who would sneer about releasing suppressed emotions or eating whole foods—I've simultaneously come to doubt whether I ever needed that first mastectomy. I keep returning to empirical counterarguments like Gilbert Welch's *New York Times* op-ed from November 2012: "Cancer Survivor or Victim of Overdiagnosis?" The Dartmouth-based researcher questioned whether 1.5 million additional women receiving early stage breast cancer diagnoses directly correlated with statistics about more women's lives being saved. Welch speculated that credit was more likely due to the dramatic improvements in the overall treatment of breast cancer since the late 1990s, such as the advent of targeted hormones and antibodies.

All arguments, all evidence, all arrogance about my own opinions built up over the last 10 years dissolved in that pivotal instant, when timers returned, when I was lying on the examining table in the radiologist's office being given a provisional late-stage cancer diagnosis. My first thought—when ▶



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◀ faced with the possibility of impending death—wasn't: Oh, yeah, I'm going to refuse treatment. My first thought was about a promise to stick around that I'd made to my partner's daughter.

Over the singing of Mary J. Blige, I announced aloud to the radiologist, "I'll do whatever it takes. Chemo. Radiation. Surgery. Losing my hair..." She stopped talking. I was yelling in her ear.

You would think hair is of no consequence, but mine was part of my persona—big, red, and unruly. I liked to hide in the mess of it. I had nearly the same hairstyle for 25 years. The thought of losing it was akin to a loss of self. But losing that was only the beginning.

The first guiding metaphor that helped give order to what was coming was something one of my doctors said. He compared being diagnosed with stage IV cancer to stepping onto a roller coaster car in a dark enclosed space. Once the diagnostic bar comes down and the car starts rolling, there's no time to think. There's just shock at the prospect of death.

My first serious medical appointments happened over Christmas.

The holiday was a lush island in a lake of fog. I found myself craving Christmas carols, staring fondly at the neighbors' ostentatious display of lights, and listening to the rhythm of conversations, enjoying that—just voices—without caring what anyone said. I had some catastrophic thoughts and some morbid thoughts, and drank a few glasses of wine—a brief and final indulgence.

The day after those glasses of wine, I looked at my liver. Well, first I watched my oncologist look at my liver, on digital scans. He resembled Kurt Vonnegut with tousled silver hair and glasses above his brow. I liked him immediately, which was unusual for me. Ten years ago, I had walked out on an oncologist who was matter-of-fact, technically proficient, and told me, disdainfully, "Naturapathy is quackery." This new oncologist had a more human approach. He sat with his chin in his hand looking forlornly at my beleaguered liver.

"I don't like these much," he said, turning the computer screen towards me. "Want me to show you what's going on here?"

He might as well have said, "Here is the image of your unconscious." Visceral organs, whether or not they're covered with constellations of tumors, are repulsive and fascinating. Livers and spleens are sequestered away and follow their own strange pulses and functions, as primitive as ancient fish.

The oncologist pointed to various places on the screen to indicate where 50 to 60 tumors had spread across my liver and throughout my abdominal cavity. None were in my brain or bones. My partner took notes on her laptop and asked pointed questions. I sat staring blankly at the screen. Fifty to sixty tumors? How's that possible?

The oncologist sat with us for two generous hours telling cancer victory stories. The girl who got pink wigs from a stripper supply store. The women who were living great lives in remission.

My medical records were all stamped

"Urgent" in red ink. The oncologist said, "You need to start right away." I was hoping "right away" meant two to three weeks—I had to tell my family and warn my employer—but it didn't, it meant four days. Really, I just wanted the roller coaster to slow the fuck down for a second, but it was already under way. I had the distinct feeling of someone of some notable weight—God; or the winged, sword-wielding archangel Michael; or the older, denser Marlon Brando—standing squarely on my chest. I was pinned to a place, to an hour, to a long, drawn-out breath.

I started chemotherapy on New Year's Eve. It wasn't the worst holiday I've ever had. (The worst holiday I've ever had was when I was 21 years old, on a ship from Dublin to Le Havre, en route to Paris, where I would work as a nanny for a snotty rich family. I was sick as a dog, and lonely, and lost at sea within, lost in a psychological wound that I'm not going to talk about but that made letting anyone close impossible.)

Fast-forward several decades: It's New Year's Eve 2013 in the oncology unit at Swedish Hospital. There was the obvious

A butch, wizened nurse grabbed my gurney bed and yelled out, "Let's rock and roll." We careened down the hallway. "Let's rock and roll" is one of those classic lines that shows up right before troops deploy, or before a mafia massacre.

drag of spending the eve of a brand-new year hooked up to a machine pumping toxic chemicals into my bloodstream for eight hours. Despite that, the holiday was memorable, by which I mean full of meaningful human connections. It began with a surgical procedure. The pre-surgery nurse had impeccable comic timing. The surgeon patiently explained the strange portacath tendrils she would thread through veins above my heart. The chemo nurse stayed for a second shift because the hospital was short-staffed. My partner brought Thai food. It was the first night I realized the importance of welcoming help to the point of letting it take off its boots and put its feet up.

That was the beginning of six and a half months of weekly chemo doses. The treatments felt as if essential electrolytes like sodium and potassium were being leached out of my cells and replaced with a repulsive antifungal formula—or something equally toxic—that cleansed while compromising the integrity of whatever it touched.

I won't pretend I was a warrior. I worried. I woke at night and wondered what I was doing inside my body, whether I would survive the year. I listened to Beethoven during chemo treatments. A friend had given me a *Fidelio* CD and a paper he'd written about the opera. I

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◀ the word "survivor," which had always seemed to me to tempt fate. I corresponded with women who had been through similar stage IV experiences. I gratefully accepted prayer shawls, bag balm, and green totem stones. Who knows what cures us?

I started listening to Max Richter's version of Vivaldi's *Four Seasons* over and over, trying to discern the patterns. I dipped back into Beethoven when rougher emotional waters rolled, but the rearrangement of Vivaldi's classic seemed closer to an interior reinvention, like the softer insistence of water reshaping a stone. I also found comfort in an essay by the musician and psychoanalyst Emanuel Ghent, who referred to the necessity of "surrender" in the process of regaining health. Ghent seemed assenting to the truth of a difficult matter at hand. The transcendence in Ghent's version of surrender included arriving at a broader perspective within which a person could also experience being embraced. I suppose that sense of being held could be God, if you leaned that way or Nature. It could also be an awkward, sweaty hug from Marlon Brando. (I don't why that actor's image keeps coming to mind—another mystery.)

For me the sense of being contained by something bigger than myself came from leaning into Keats and Beethoven—artists who strove, despite pain, to hold on to aesthetic ideals. Keats advocated for letting meanings unfold instead of grasping after facts or desires. Today, we would probably call this pursuit "mindfulness." Keats called it "negative capability."

He wrote a letter about it to his brother, who was dying of tuberculosis—the same disease that ultimately claimed Keats's life. Negative capability was the invention of a man who intimately understood being abandoned by desire and passion, but inviolately believed in them anyway.

There was a threshold day during which where all food and beverages, even water, began tasting like metal and cold potatoes. At that point there didn't seem to be a future, only an endless repetition of rogue cells infiltrating tissues and organs, along with the steady fading away of passion. That was a dark and a clarifying place, a distillation that evolved into a feeling that approached purity. My body was broken down to the point that it didn't restart again. I was hairless. I didn't sweat. Even the idea of sex seemed exhausting. All of my adamant beliefs crumbled.

I became more keenly aware of how many people were wrangling with serious health issues, and how isolating illness can be when you are living in it. The urge to belong and make meanings abides in us. Metaphors are great connectivity devices that viscerally convey, even if we don't yet comprehend, big emotional experiences. Illness awakens symbols in us by which we make sense of ourselves, and our experiences. The closest I can get to an explanation of what I mean here is by describing the culminating crisis of my stage IV cancer.

It happened in late April, four months after the radiologist suggested that my life needed saving. It was my second scheduled scan; the first one had shown slow, steady reduction in tumors—nothing dramatic. This second CT scan—noting that something odd was growing in my lungs. A CT scan shows where there are densities in tissue, and densities can indicate tumors or other

growths, but CT scans don't show whether such growths are cancer. Neither my oncologist nor the radiologist could discern whether the invading agent was a new cancer, an infection, or an allergic reaction. I got a second opinion that week from an oncologist who said "new tumor" so many times it felt like something had actually grown—something feared because of the size of a cantaloupe—in my lungs. She was pretty certain cancer had metastasized to my lungs, and this was the evidence of it; she also predicted that my liver was in much looser shape than it had been in December, when those 50 to 60 tumors were spotted.

In the meantime, Dr. Vonnegut scheduled a more informative test, a PET scan, which involved fasting and then drinking a sugary drink and then getting a dose of radiation. This would end up creating three-dimensional color images of body functions and processes. Basically, sugars are drawn to active tumors and lesions. The doctor was hoping for clarity about what was going on in my lungs. Unexpectedly, the PET scan revealed that there was no active cancer in formerly disease-ridden sites, that even my liver looked good, but that whatever was growing in my lungs had doubled in size.

In order to figure out the lung mystery, I was admitted to the hospital for a series of tests, including a needle biopsy of my lungs. This procedure involves having a needle inserted in a lung to extract a tissue sample, and the main risk of it is that the lung might get punctured and collapse. Various medical professionals estimated the risk of

The surgeon reappeared. He had some kind of dried gunk on his glasses. It looked like interstitial fluid mixed with blood.

a puncture was anywhere from 1 percent to 30 percent. All of them agreed that the pain from a punctured lung was "excruciating." I took all precautions, including accepting the hospital chaplain's offer to pray over me. He held my hand. It was awkward.

The day of that lung biopsy played out like a rock opera of linked metaphors. First, it felt like a *MASH* episode. It was a bustling afternoon at the surgery center. I waited an eternal hour on a rolling transport bed. Then a tidy, bearded surgeon gave me a pep talk about the CT-scan-guided needle-biopsy procedure. He assured me collapsed lungs were rare. He asked me to sign an authorization. I got his permission to listen to my iPod during surgery.

I was wheeled into a sterile white room and transferred to a platform bed that could slide into an MRI machine. Wait. What? "The surgeon said a CT scan, didn't he?" I asked. Sure enough, I was in the wrong room, about to be put into the wrong machine. I was unbuckled. The warm blankets came off and I was rolled back to the waiting room. I was grateful to have not lost a body part in that transaction.

Next, a butch, wizened nurse grabbed my gurney bed and yelled out, "Let's rock and roll." We careened down the hallway. "Let's rock and roll" is one of those classic lines that shows up right before troops deploy, or before a mafia massacre. I was having second thoughts. I wished I'd requested a Buddhist monk or watched *The Godfather*

as preparation.

The sedating nurse said I'd soon start to feel the calming effect of sedatives. In the meantime, she and her cohort tried to squeeze my contorted body through a narrow CT scanner, which would snap digital images of my lungs to help guide the surgeon's sampling needle. He needed to extract a small sample of tissue from one of the inflamed areas in my lung. My shoulders scraped the sides of the scanner. "Raise your arms. We're going to put bracelets on you," another nurse said. "Bracelets" was a euphemism to describe Velcro straps that bound my arms above my head. It was an uncomfortable posture; the sedatives hadn't kicked in.

Then the surgeon reappeared. I noticed he had some kind of dried gunk on his glasses. It looked like interstitial fluid mixed with blood. Through the vague gauze of insufficient sedatives, I felt a rising dread. The surgeon sat down behind me. He explained that he would numb my back at the place where he planned to insert the needle. It would be simple. Right before the needle went into my lung, an image of the French artist Odilon Redon's painting of St. Sebastian flashed across my mind, unbidden. The painting depicts the patron saint of gays and the afflicted with his arms tied by rope to a tree branch high above his head. The background is smoky blue. There's a wound in his side. I thought, "That's weird. Maybe this is a bad day for this thing."

At the same time, the surgeon said something indecipherable and a dull, intrusive object—a straw, I later learned—was shoved between my ribs. Apparently the surgeon had just punctured my lung. That would explain the pain. My lung collapsed. The straw was inserted to drain the lung cavity so that the lung could gradually re-inflate again. That process would take a few days. It was so painful I found it hard to breathe.

The rollicking nurses rolled me back to the waiting room, where they left me. Oddly, in spite of the intense pain, I wasn't angry. In retrospect, I think the linked associations of the experience—the *MASH* episode, the painting of St. Sebastian, and Nick Drake, whom I'd been listening to all the while—were doing a better job than the minimal sedation to make the pain tolerable.

When I returned to my room upstairs, there was more commotion. The lung drain had been set up wrong. I wasn't getting much air. The nurses couldn't give me pain meds until the air problem was fixed. I had the strange sensation then and later that the collapsed lung was... I don't know... a kind of cathartic experience. I know that is counterintuitive.

I'm wondering if it works like this: A formerly ineffable experience—one involving anticipation of pain and a sense of no control, an impression buried deep in implicit memory—had finally found a present-tense experience wherein it could be expressed. One corner of an old broken thing inside was under repair through being recycled, witnessed, and tended. Some part of healing is private and indirect. This is true in mental health as well.

All pain dissipated two days later when the straw was pulled out. Fortunately, the surgeon had extracted enough tissue to send to a lab. It was hard not to jump to worst-case scenarios, but I tried to control myself. The oncology pulmonologist didn't have results yet when I got to his office the following Monday afternoon. He stepped out to call the pathologist, then returned with the news. The stuff growing in my lungs—"organizing pneumonia," he called it—was an allergic reaction to a chemotherapy agent. It was definitive: There was no cancer in my lungs. I dropped my water bottle on

the floor and cried.

If the scans and tests were all true, that meant I was in remission.

My tears of relief lasted until the doctor explained the treatment for organizing pneumonia. It required a high dose of steroids for six weeks, then an additional six to seven weeks to taper off them. I said, "No way. I hate steroids." My partner gave me one of those "You're kidding... right?" looks. I'm not quite sure why I balked at steroids after having endured gallons of toxic chemicals for six months. It was one more chance for choice, one last grasp for control before letting go. I started prednisone a few days later.

What I call remission, my oncologist calls "no evidence of disease." We're both talking about a reprieve. There's no guarantee that cancer won't return. In fact, once cancer metastasizes through lymph nodes to other organs, it's more likely to follow a similar pattern again. Fifteen years ago (before antibodies like Herceptin existed), I would have been dead by now. Fifteen years from now, chemotherapy may be archaic. Vaccines and even more precisely targeted antibodies are plausible. In the future, there will also be other, better words for chronic states of being not exactly ill, but not exactly well.

Recently I spoke to a friend who has lived with an HIV/AIDS diagnosis and a compromised immune system since the early 1980s. Just like me, he had initially not anticipated surviving. For years he had lived a suspended life, waiting for death, which he regrets now because he foreclosed on things like romance. He described his heightened vigilance about tracking changes and anomalies in his body. I relate to that. One day I'm grateful that my eyelashes are growing back. The next day, the bruise on my hand is taking way too long to heal. Maybe it's not a bruise at all.

My partner and I drove by the Oso mudslide site a few months ago on our way home from Eastern Washington. The hill that collapsed, burying an intimate community and 41 souls, was smaller than I had expected. The quest was so stark. Where the sky met the road there was a brand-new barrier to keep a mind from drifting into the emptiness anguish opens. At the nearby store where we stopped for coffee and gas, a man sat under a tribute poster to people who had died or who had joined the rescue efforts. The man told about the fateful day in March and the friends he'd lost. He was drunk. I imagined him repeating the same story to everyone, suspended as he was in eternal shock and haunted by the randomness of survival.

I'm considering a clinical trial with a new cancer vaccine. I am interested in keeping current on cutting-edge treatments and other clinical solutions to cancer. I go to the Arnold Pavilion at Swedish every three weeks for doses of antibodies. But I don't rely completely on empirical science as my savior. I get acupuncture and visit an analyst who reminds me that "it could happen to any of us" when I'm sidelined by fear of recurrence. He's right, of course. We don't really enter the kingdom of illness; it enters us, and we can't always know from where and what form it takes.

Whenever I start to feel trapped, I dial the iPod to music that makes sense of things. Lately, it's been John Prine singing, "Make me an angel that flies from Montgomery/Make me a poster of an old rodeo/Just give me one thing that I can hold on to..." ■

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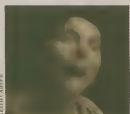
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WED

JAN 21

'Terminal: On Mortality and Beauty' —ART



another, and she made photographs of that moment of death for one and life for the other. The process was agonizing for her to witness, and the photographs intensely capture the emotional weight of it. These are the sort of deaths you can look forward to. (Photographic Center Northwest, 900 12th Ave, pcnw.org, noon-9 pm, free, through April 4) JEN GRAVES

THU

JAN 22

Andrew Keen —BOOKS



Those early days around the turn of the century when the internet offered boundless opportunities to everyone are pretty much over now. You're either the owner or high-level producer of a popular web service, or you're a user—and if you're a user, you're basically nothing. Tonight, entrepreneur Andrew Keen, author of *The Internet Is Not the Answer*, will explain the history of the internet and discuss how we wound up like this, with a handful of haves pushing around

the rest of us have-nots. It's a digital class war, and we're losing. (Town Hall, 1119 Eighth Ave, townhallseattle.org, 6 pm, \$5) PAUL CONSTANT

FRI

JAN 23

Seattle Elvis Invitionals —MUSIC

Elvis "the Pelvis" Presley, if he were alive, would be celebrating his 80th birthday this year. Also having an anniversary is the Seattle Elvis Invitionals, who are celebrating their 20th year as the Northwest's premier Elvis impersonator event. What is it with this fucking guy? Will people ever tire of paying homage to this American "King"? The answer is no. This year's invitionals are back at the Crocodile, where it all began two decades ago. Twenty amateur "Elvis" will hit the stage, performing all eras of Presley's career, backed by a live band. The people-watching, onstage and off, should be exceptional. (Crocodile, 2200 Second Ave, thecrocodile.com, 8 pm, \$17/ad, 21+) KELLY O

'Naked Lunch' —FILM



mid-century American novel. The alien Mugwump and Peter Weller's performance of an insect exterminator manage to out-Burroughs Burroughs. (Grand Illusion, 1403 NE 50th St, grandillusioncinema.org, 9 pm, \$9, through Jan 31) CHARLES MUDEDE

SAT

JAN 24

W. Kamau Bell —COMEDY



will record his Seattle gigs for a new album. From Ferguson to Selma, America's conversation about race is spiking. Few comedians are better poised to make sense of it all than W. Kamau Bell. (Langston Hughes Performing Arts Institute, 104 17th Ave S, wkamaubell.com, 7 and 9 pm, \$15) BRENDAN KILEY

SUN

JAN 25

Wimps, Woolen Men, G. Green, Mega Bog —MUSIC



How are you feeling about 2015 so far? I think we can all agree that we need to put some serious distance between ourselves and 2014 ASAP. So if you're still shaking off bad vibes, I wholly recommend hitting up this night of scrunchy, punky good times at the venerable Blue Moon. Portland's Woolen Men and Sacramento's G. Green bring their propulsive power-pop chops to our fair city, while hometown shredders Mega Bog and Wimps contribute admirably skewed takes on sax-assisted art-rock and hyper-speed meat-head pop, respectively. Viva the new year. (Blue Moon, 712 NE 45th St, bluemoonseattle.wordpress.com, 9 pm, \$7, 21+) KYLE FLECK

MON

JAN 26

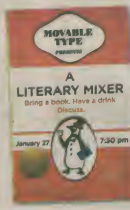
Andy Stott —MUSIC

The idea of Andy Stott headlining Neumos would've seemed inconceivable four years ago. In 2011, he dropped two powerful EPs—*Passed Me By* and *We Stay Together*—that engulfed clubs in a shroud of molasses-y, dubbed-out techno. Crossover potential? No. But with 2012's *Luxury Problems* and last year's *Faith In Strangers*, the UK producer introduced beautiful female vocals and less caustic textures, muting the paranoia while increasing the abstract breakbeats and melodic sweetness. The music has brightened, but its essential brooding sensuality remains. With Kovton and Raica. (Neumos, 925 E Pike St, neumos.com, 8 pm, \$15 adv, 21+) DAVE SEGAL

TUE

JAN 27

Movable Type Literary Mixer —BOOKS



This is an intervention. You need to leave your apartment. Put on some pants, set the peanut butter jar down—I know it's tough, but you can do it—and head to the Movable Type Literary Mixer. It's time to meet some new people. Bring the book you're reading and buy a drink. Tell people what you think about the book you're reading. Ask them about their book. See? You've left the house, talked to strangers, and maybe made a friend or two. That wasn't so hard, was it? (The Hideout, 1005 Boren Ave, facebook.com/movabletypemixer, 7:30 pm, free, 21+) PAUL CONSTANT

CINEASTAS

MARIANO PENSOTTI

JAN 29 - FEB 1

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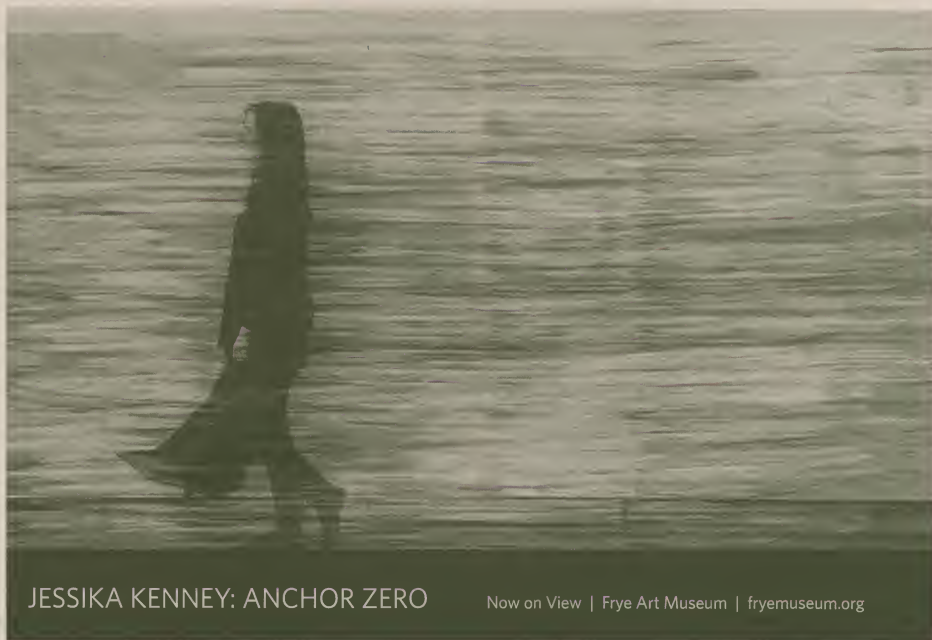
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ARTS

Hot air...below Fluffy camp...25 Dead pix...26 High list...28

I Think I Think You Are Totally Wrong Is Totally Wrong

David Shields and Caleb Powell's "Quarrel" Takes Up All the Air in the Room

BY PAUL CONSTANT

David Shields takes up too much god-damned space.

It's not that he's a bad writer, although he has written some very bad books (about which more soon). It's just that he's everywhere. Shields looms large over the University of Washington's MFA writing program as its Millman Distinguished Writer-in-Residence, and his back-flap biography is stuffed full of accomplishment. He's published 16 books, been translated into 20 languages, won the Guggenheim and two NEA fellowships. (And he shows no sign of stopping: The dust jacket for his newest book announces Shields has "five books coming out in the next year and a half.") His work has been published in every mainstream literary-minded journal this side of the *New Yorker*. He's well-regarded in the literary world, and his connections appear to be positively boundless. You seemingly can't attend a reading in Seattle without sitting next to someone who's attended one of Shields's classes; if you prod them into reminiscences, a handful will swoon over his genius, but more likely you'll hear a rant about his endless lectures, which by many accounts are packed with self-protection, name-dropping, and smug proclamations.

Some of Shields's books are interesting enough, in a safe, academic sort of way. *Black Planet* is still probably the best thing he's ever written. *Reality Hunger*, his self-described "manifesto" about a need for new narratives, the failure of modern fiction, and other riffs on the work of David Markson, is probably his most notorious work, but it's not like anything serious is at stake in it. Shields is not so much a bomb-thrower as a giggling pillow-tossing.

Since *Reality Hunger*, Shields has been on the decline. Last year saw the publication of *Salinger*, a biography of J.D. Salinger co-authored with Shane Salerno. It was supposed to be one of the biggest books of the year—a multimedia assault, even, with a documentary film released in tandem with the book—but it turned out to be more of a fart in an elevator.

Shields wrote at obsessive lengths on the fact that Salinger was born with one testicle, which he envisioned as informing most of the author's work in one way or another. His facile readings of Salinger's fiction helped drag the book into pointlessness. You had the sense on reading *Salinger*, as many did when reading *Reality Hunger*, that it was printed on tissue paper; it would not survive even a decade before slinking into obscurity. And now—too soon!—Shields is back with another coauthored book. It's titled *I Think You're Totally Wrong: A Quarrel*, and it's a transcription of a weekend Shields spent in a Skykomish cabin arguing with a former student of his named Caleb Powell. Like *Salinger*, this book, too, is part of a cross-platform branding campaign. The back flap promises (warns?):



DAVID SHIELDS Look at this guy, just taking up space.

James Franco's adaptation of *I Think You're Totally Wrong* into a film, with Shields and Powell striving mightily to play themselves and Franco in a supporting role, will be released later this year.

Oh, boy.

The most unbelievable aspect of *I Think You're Totally Wrong* is that everyone involved in its publication somehow thought it was worthy of publication. Shields and Powell simply talk for a little over 250 pages. One man is the closest thing to a celebrity you'll find in academic circles; the other is a failed writer. Powell says at family gatherings he comes across as "a morose dude who likes to drink beer"; it's obvious he's supposed to be the abrasive truth-teller in this relationship. He calls Shields out for being pretentious. ("Well, sure," Shields replies. "I'm very pretentious, but I'm not a snob.") Okay. They argue about Dostoyevsky and the meaning of art, they gossip about Toni Morrison, but mostly they talk about themselves. They compare their discussion ("two white guys bullshitting," Shields says) with *My Dinner with Andre*, Plato and Socrates, and Steve Coogan and Rob Brydon in the film

The Trip, but it's far less entertaining than any of those, and not nearly as intelligent as it believes it is.

The problem is that Shields and Powell are

basically the same person. In between listing the tiny ways they believe their wives have slighted them and grandiloquently pointing out their own flaws, the two gloss over topics with a dilettante's glee. Shields says he "supports reparations for African Americans," but he admits to being "somewhat ambivalent about affirmative action." He wonders why "so many African Americans [are] still poor" and muses over the idea of "post-slavery stress disorder" before skipping off into gossip about the Ted Turner/Elizabeth Dwyer/Robert Olen Butler love triangle. (He also admits to making \$200,000 a year from all his various writing pursuits, which is probably just enough information to give tuition-paying parents of UW students a stroke.) Maybe the intent is to celebrate the rhythms of real-world conversations—skimming across the surface of consciousness, without ever really settling on anything substantial. But why bother reproducing human discussion in a painstaking 1:1 model, when you can find mundane discussions like this anywhere?

And for all Shields's love of transparency in narrative, *Wrong* lacks clarity. Presumably, the transcript is riddled with edits, excisions, and clarifications, but the editing process is undocumented, which obscures the point even further. If all this mundane chatter landed on the page, what could possibly have gotten cut? Why did the surviving pieces of dialogue survive? Why even bother?

In the end, *I Think You're Totally Wrong* serves as a blooper reel of 21st century literature's failings, with its elevation of two pri-

ileged white dudes talking about beer and pop culture, its mistaken belief that a postmodern acceptance of your own flaws somehow serves as absolution for them, and its refusal to adopt any responsibility for its own narrative failure. But its greatest failure, measured by Shields's own favorite metric, is that it's bone-crushingly dull.

This is a book that would not exist without a famous name on the cover. It has grandstanded its way to a place on the Knopf publishing schedule that some other, worthier book could have used. Who can hear anything, really, over the roar of all that white noise? ■

THEATER

Sprawl, WET's Campy 12th Avenue Arts Debut, Is a Pleasantly Diverting Swipe at the Disaster Genre

Catastrophe Reveals Human Nature in World-Premiere Play

BY BRENDAN KILEY

Some plays give up all their secrets in the first 150 words—the 106-word prologue to *Romeo and Juliet* might be the most famous example—which is a welcome relief from the mystery novels, thriller movies, football games, afterlife-obsessed religions, and other cultural institutions predicated on "the inane premise that we're only interested in stories as long as we don't know what's going to happen. (Spoiler alert: We all die at the end.)"

But exactly 106 words into Joshua Conkel's *Sprawl*—a world premiere by Washington Ensemble Theatre and the inaugural production of the new 12th Avenue Arts building—Shawna, a pregnant real-estate agent, giving the audience a tour of a cookie-cutter suburban home, lays down the premise of the entire play: "A new home might well contain defects," she tells us sagely. "Sometimes a house can seem like one thing but be another thing entirely."

Sprawl repeats that thesis early and often: There's a thin veneer of civilization separating our public personalities from our actual desires. All it takes is a little bit of catastrophe to send our heads of darkness hurtling toward the surface for everyone to see. In this case, the required disaster is a massive earthquake followed by an invasion of insects that crawl up from the center of the earth and bite

people, turning them into zombie-like insect-human hybrids who will prepare the way for some final overlord. Or something. That's not the important part. The important part is how fucked up people are when confronted by adversity.

For his swipe at the disaster genre, Conkel summons a menagerie of clichés—all pretty easy targets—and sends them, *Night of the Living Dead*-style, into a totally unremarkable house to take refuge against a disaster, then lets us watch as the social fissures ►

I
THINK
YOU'RE
TOTALLY
WRONG

REVIEW

I Think You're Totally Wrong: A Quarrel
by David Shields
and Caleb Powell
(Alfred A. Knopf,
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HEAR FROM THE ARTIST

SAM TALKS: PUSHPAMALA N.
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SEATTLE ART MUSEUM

Bangalore-based artist Pushpamala N. discusses her works featured in the exhibition *City Dwellers: Contemporary Art from India*. The artist says that her photo-performances, in which she reenacts existing images, seek to raise questions "of female representation, high and low art, ethnography and ideas of race and caste, colonialism and Indian modernity—and the history of modern Indian art and photography itself."

Tickets: \$10; SAM members \$5.
visitsam.org/tickets.

Flirting (after 1990s Kannada Film Still), from the project *Native Women of South India: Manners and Customs, 2000-2004*, Pushpamala N., Indian, b. 1964 with Clare Amr, Bristol, b. 1962, c-print, 21 1/2 x 16 in. Collection of Sangeeta Pichayaseethy and Malini Baidashree, © Pushpamala N., Photo courtesy Nature Morte, New Delhi.

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ANTHONY WHITE

SPRAWL Social fissures become gaping rifts.

between them become gaping rifts. But *Sprawl*'s most insightful moments happen just before the disaster—for example, the fraught conversation between a gay couple called “the Williams” in the car en route: “I can’t stand Monique,” William 1 (a delightfully disillusioned Justin Huerfano) confesses to William 2 (a merrily lithe Ben McHadden). “She’s one of those people that, like, prides herself on being honest. Like, ‘I just call them like I see them’... It’s like, ‘You’re not that honest. You’re just a bitch who likes to hurt people’s feelings for no reason.’ It’s cruelly disguised as honesty.”

Directed by Ali el-Gasseir, *Sprawl* is a bit of fluffy camp whose best jokes are fast and cheap, such as Monique (a wide-eyed Samie Spring Detzer), in the midst of the invasion, telling us that her favorite book is *Eat, Pray, Love*—but pronouncing it “Eat PREY, Love.” The first production at 12th Avenue Arts probably won’t be its most memorable, but as a diversion, it’s pleasant enough. ■

VISUAL ART

Your Eyes Will Want to Resist the Faces of Death in *Terminal: On Mortality and Beauty*. Don’t Let Them.

One Morbid Art Exhibit

BY PAUL CONSTANT

For years, photographers have been bringing Photographic Center Northwest executive director Michelle Dunn Marsh pictures of dead bodies—people, mostly, but some animals, too. The photographers felt the need to document their experiences with death (if they didn’t, they wouldn’t be very good photographers) and they needed someone else to see the pictures, to complete the cycle and give them meaning. Dunn Marsh says they usually apologize as they prepare the photos for her viewing, prefacing the whole ritual of presentation with a disclaimer, such as “of course these will never be shown” at a gallery.

No one at the preview for *Terminal: On*

Mortality and Beauty bothered to ask why the artists thought the work was unrepresentable. It seemed self-evident: People don’t like to look at dead things. It’s easier, almost, to stare at the sun than at a corpse, especially a familiar one. But here *Terminal* is anyway, including 16 artists and more than 40 photographs originating from the 1970s to today. Walking around the gallery, you get the sense this is a labor of love; Dunn Marsh admits fundraising to support the exhibition was “not very particularly successful.”

It’s obvious from the variety of images on display that “death,” even the idea of being in death, is too broad a topic for a show—would you ever anthologize a collection of images under the banner of “life”? The photos do weird things to each other. On seeing a face in a photograph, your eyes immediately dart around, searching for sparks of consciousness. Is that person dead? Alive? Dying? Mourning? The state of uncertainty lasts for barely a second before you’re able to process the information and come to a conclusion, but it’s an unsettling moment to experience over and over again.

Some of the images in *Terminal* are famous. David Wojnarowicz’s *Untitled (Buffaloes)*, with its portrait of three buffaloes in various stages of tumbling off a cliff, became a symbol of the AIDS epidemic when U2 used it for the cover of the single release of “One.” In the early 2000s, Catherine Chalmers’s *Hanging*, featuring two lines of lynched cockroaches, was a sensation in New York as people raged at the thought that cockroach lives were sacrificed in the name of art. (The roaches, it turns out, died of natural causes. Chalmers assured the *St. Petersburg Times* in May of 2003 that she “bent over backwards not to hurt anything” in the making of the series of photographs. Why are you relieved to hear that, when the sight of a cockroach in a restaurant inspires angry demands for insect genocide?)

Other images are new. Hank Willis Thomas’s *In Loving Memory Of* is a pair of portraits of young African American people, a man and a woman. They’re wearing T-shirts with photographs on the front—made at a flea-market stall in Miami—commemorating deceased loved ones. You’d think a handmade T-shirt memorial would seem gaudy, but it feels apt; anyone who’s lived through that kind of loss knows you already wear it like a shroud in public. The shirts give the defiance on the faces of the subjects a different flavor; a daring quality: Ask me about my dead loved one.

The best photos here have eyes staring out at you. Eugene Richards’s portrait of Dorothea Lynch in the throes of chemotherapy is ▶

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4 astonishing. Lynch's eyes, turned sideways as she lies in bed, implore the viewer to take their time, to absorb every detail. *Terminal* also displays, for the first time anywhere, Lynch's moody Polaroid self-portraits taken when she first received her cancer diagnosis. Her eyes are so different in that series—looking just over the camera, or off to the right, like a friend in a coffee shop with something serious to tell you. Columns of light illuminate parts of her body but the rest is gradually absorbed by darkness, recasting her as an ingenue in a different kind of noir.

The absence of an eye is the most striking part of *Dead Animals* #79, a photograph by Richard Mischak taken at a small town's dumping ground for dead farm animals. Two spooning horse corpses lie in sawdust. They look as though they're in the middle of a race, their front legs raised mid-gallop. From



DOCUMENTING LOSS Eugene Richards made portraits of Dorothea Lynch during her cancer treatment.

afar, it's a whirlpool of tans and browns, with one pitch-black oval shape in the center—the horse's eye socket. Presumably, the eye was plucked out by a scavenger, and the rich blacks of Mischak's photograph don't quite reveal what's inside. Even standing right next to the photo and peering inside the socket doesn't feel like enough. You want to grab the eyelids and wrest them open further so you can climb through into the inky depths, to find out what's on the other side. ■



THE HIGH LIST RECOMMENDED EVENTS FOR STONERS

Amir Acel: The Roots of Numbers
READING Wed Jan 21, Town Hall, 1119
Eighth Ave

Where did numbers come from? Have you ever sat down and really thought about how and when humans came up with numbers? Amir Acel traveled the globe looking for answers, which led him to write a book called *Finding Zero: A Mathematician's Odyssey to Uncover the Origins of Numbers*. Tonight, he talks about his adventures and findings (apparently you'll never guess where he found the original zero).

Nearby snack: For cake, pie, sandwiches, coffee, or soup, Sugar Bakery & Cafe (1014 Madison St) is right up the street and lives up to its name. Try a lemon tart or a fudge brownie.

HISSESSSS: A Tape Night

MUSIC Wed Jan 21, Vermillion, 1508
11th Ave

A night of cassette tapes! People Djing with tapes (!), people selling tapes, people talking about tapes. There are a couple DJ spots open to the public if you think you can handle it, but cuing tapes sounds kind of, uh... difficult while under the influence, so maybe just relax and start a conversation with someone about how tapes are the best-looking of all the music mediums.

Nearby snack: Across the street, you've got a full bar and food menu at Cafe Petrosso (1101 E Pike St). Shawn's Vegan Mac is reliably delicious (even for dairy-identified people).

Stickers, Vats, Clearinghouse, the Blues

ART/MUSIC Fri Jan 23, Black Lodge

You'll dig the skronking fury of Stickers, Vats' dark waves of pop, and the trippy noise walls built by Clearinghouse, but don't forget to pick up a copy of *Funny Pages*—an art book from the brain of Max Nordlie, former Seattle dweller and keyboardist of the Trashies who now lives in the Bay Area and plays in the band the Blues (and a million other projects). *Funny*

Pages is an engrossing collection of freaky neat drawings, poems, paintings, collages, and other weird shit.

Nearby snack: There's a gas station without gas called Michael's Market (2010 Fairview Ave at Boren). Get some Twizzlers and a couple of Lotto tickets and don't ask questions.

'Troll 2'

"FILM" Fri-Wed Jan 23-25, Central Cinema, 1411 21st Ave

Oh man, if you're not familiar, *Troll 2* is a 1990 horror movie that's so bad, there's a documentary (*Best Worst Movie*) about how bad it is. It's not actually a sequel, and it has nothing to do with the movie *Troll*. In fact, *Troll 2* doesn't even depict trolls—the plot has something to do with vegetarian goblins. Make sure to pay attention to the general store scene. The store owner is played by Don Packard, who was a patient at a nearby mental hospital and later recalled smoking so much marijuana before filming that he had no idea what was happening and how, so can you!

Nearby snack: Central Cinema serves a full menu of food and alcohol. Get the curry popcorn (with butter, of course).

'Do You Know Bruce?'

ART Tues-Sun, Wing Luke Museum, 719
S King St

Bruce Lee was the coolest, and he used to live here. This exhibit dedicated to the influential pop icon features "interactive multimedia displays, never-before-seen personal belongings and collector memorabilia related to Bruce Lee's time in Seattle and the Chinatown-International District." Pro tip: The gift shop in the museum is also a stoner paradise.

Nearby snack: You're going to LOVE Fuji Bakery (526 S King St), a French/Japanese treasure chest of little breads and pastries and desserts. Try a Volcano (small bun erupting with chocolate sauce) and the Spring Has Come (strawberry-filled macaroni cone with a baked halo on top).

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Nearby snack: If there's not a pig on a spit there, I'll spit on a pig. ■



CHOW



MICROBREWRIES AND FOOD TRUCKS They can both stick to what they're good at.

The Symbiotic Relationship Between Seattle's Taprooms and Food Trucks

Skirting Restrictions on Proximity to Restaurants, the City's Mobile Food Trucks Are Doing Brisk Business Outside Local Taprooms

BY ANGELA GARBEIS

Back in 2011, Seattle passed legislation to encourage growth of the city's nascent street-food scene. It appears to have been successful. According to the public health department, there are currently 289 active permits for full-service mobile food units in King County. Food-truck cuisine has grown well beyond its roots of tacos and burritos to a world of options: Hawaiian poke, Caribbean fusion, sweet and savory pies, Indian curries, Thai noodles, gourmet burgers, vegan sandwiches, modern Jewish food, Southern grits, Filipino lumpia, Louisiana Cajun, and hickory-smoked barbecue. There's even a completely gluten-free food cart.

As the city's mobile food scene has expanded, so has its beer culture—particularly craft breweries. Stout Brewing, Reuben's Brews, Populuxe Brewing, Peddler Brewing Company, Bad Jimmy's Brewing Co., Rooftop Brewing Company, Standard Brewing, Seapine Brewing Company, Lowercase Brewing, Hilliard's Beer, Spinnaker Bay Brewing, and Flying Lion Brewing are among the many that have opened in the last three years. And these craft breweries are going beyond the Pacific Northwest's near psychotic dedication to hop-heavy IPAs, brewing an array of styles—from light and crisp to deep, dark, and large—while also experimenting with things such as aging beer in sherry, bourbon,

and tequila barrels.

Instead of relying on bars, microbreweries are opening up their own taprooms or getting their brews into places like Chuck's Hop Shop, which has two successful locations in Greenwood (656 NW 85th St, 297-6212, chuck85th.com) and the Central District (2001 E

"People order our food, stay longer, and drink more beer."

Union St, 538-0743, ct.chuck85th.com). It's at these taprooms—or, more specifically, in their parking lots—that a symbiotic relationship has developed between beer businesses and food trucks. To appease restaurateurs who worried that food trucks would eat into brick-and-mortar business, Seattle's street-food legislation placed restrictions on trucks parking on public streets: They must be at least 50 feet away from any existing food business. But craft breweries and Chuck's Hop Shop allow food trucks to park in their private lots, where no such restrictions apply.

And, conveniently, most taprooms are located in sparsely populated industrial areas, where they aren't in direct competition with restaurants, bypassing tension and boosting sales.

I literally don't know where my business would be without these locations," says Jonna Silverberg, chef and owner of Napkin Friends (napkinfriends.com), a former FedEx truck that's been serving latke press sandwiches for more than a year. Silverberg has been parking at Ballard's Stout Brewing (108 NW 52nd Street, 457-5524, stoutbrewing.com) and Chuck's Hop Shops for almost as long as the truck has been around.

"It's a great relationship that works for both sides," Silverberg continues. "They don't have to serve food. People order our food, stay longer, and drink more beer."

Parking at a taproom on a Saturday afternoon, as opposed to on the street late at night, has other perks: "At these places, people aren't out to get hammered—just have a few beers and a good time. You talk with them and serve them food. This is exactly why I wanted to start my own business."

Silverberg's passion is reinterpreting and honoring the traditional Jewish foods his grandmother used to make. Napkin Friends' O.G. sandwich (\$10)—house-made pastrami, Mama Lil's peppers, Gruyère cheese, Thousand Island dressing, and horseradish cream

sauce stuffed between two latkes and melted together on a panini press—is a terrific play on classic Jewish flavors. It's also just fun to eat this delicious, messy affair while washing down a pint or two.

While chefs are obsessive about their culinary visions, brewers and beer shops are interested in one thing. As Zach White, assistant manager and food-truck wrangler at Chuck's Hop Shop in Greenwood, puts it: "We're not really passionate about food; it's more there for sustenance to soak up the beer." While Chuck's does offer chips and salsa and one sausage sandwich, that's the extent of the menu. "We're more than happy to make someone a brat, but they would rather eat better food," he says.

According to White, the idea of having food trucks at Chuck's was the solution to the question "How do we keep people here and give them something good to eat without doing all the work ourselves?" That goal is echoed by Adam Robbins, cofounder and head brewer at Ballard's Reuben's Brews (1406 NW 53rd St, 784-2859, reubensbrews.com). "We don't have a kitchen. We want to focus on the beer," he says. "Customers often ask for food options.

Food trucks seem like a natural solution." At Reuben's Brews, customers can use a walk-in-talker that sits at the register to order food from the truck parked outside. According to Robbins, "It was cold one day, and people said they'd order food if they didn't have to go outside." The next day, an employee named Thor (obviously a genius) brought the walkie-talkies in, and an ordering system was born.

By all accounts, the relationship between taprooms and food trucks is mutually beneficial. But customers reap the biggest benefit of all: good food and beer, and more importantly, a sense of discovery. I'll admit that initially I resented the fact that while visiting a taproom, I was stuck with only one food option. It was as though the truck, serving something I wasn't particularly interested in, was holding my stomach hostage. But real hunger makes you get over yourself pretty quickly, and I was once again reminded of the value of remaining open to new things.

While at Populuxe Brewing (826B NW 49th St, 706-3400, populuxebrewing.com), I tried some yam chips with a side of spicy ranchel mayo from the Kiss My Grits truck (kissmygrits.com) parked outside. Although the chips were not that well-executed (the thinly shaved chips absorbed most of the oil rather than being crisped up), the flavors were unexpected and memorable. I also ordered their special of the day: five buttermilk-soaked oysters, dredged in cornmeal and then perfectly fried. They were fantastic (and a steal at \$5). And later on, while sipping a high-alcohol porter on a dangerously empty stomach at Chuck's, I realized I needed to eat something. While I was dubious of Noah's (noahstruck.com) fancy menu, featuring fried rabbit and roasted marrow bones (I believe street food can be excellent, but I'm not sure it should take itself quite seriously), I was blown away by their fish sandwich (\$10): beer-battered cod, moist inside its craggy shell, with caramelized onions, sweet roasted tomatoes, and bright, tangy tartar sauce on a Macrina potato roll. It might be the best food-truck item I've ever eaten.

A year ago, my sister-in-law stopped in for beer at Chuck's in Greenwood and, hungry, stepped up to Now Make Me a Sandwich (nowmakeasandwich.com) expecting to order (duh) a sandwich. But she was overjoyed to find her childhood obsession, Danish Viked Stev—a hearty pork and veggie soup laced with curry and paprika—on the menu. She now makes a point to visit the truck, which is parked at one of Chuck's Hop Shops on Monday evenings, any time she can.

A year ago, the discovery of a stumble upon aren't novel, instead providing familiarity in a world where everything—even restaurants—are transient. ■



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SOME RESPECT
BY PAUL CONSTANT

MAMMOTH'S PREDATOR IS NOT AT THE TOP OF THE FOOD CHAIN

Anyone who has eaten at Ballard's Bitterroot BBQ, with its lavish trays of barbecued meat and insanely good mustard barbecue sauce, knows these are people who understand proteins. So one would assume that Mammoth (2501 Eastlake Ave E, 346-1055, mammothseattle.com), the gorgeous, brand new, meat-focused restaurant from the owners of Bitterroot, would exhibit a similar expertise. The menu is packed with 16 sandwiches with ridiculous names echoing the mammoth theme—the Cro-Magnon (a modified Italian sandwich), the Neanderthal (a ball of pork belly in lieu of bacon), the Hunter (a steak sandwich with salami).

So I walked in and immediately ordered the Predator (\$10). Surely a restaurant of this pedigree, one that festoons itself with meaty imagery from top to bottom (the silhouette of a mammoth even decorates pint glasses), would manage to put together a world-class fried chicken sandwich topped with pork belly, Swiss cheese, arugula, red peppers, and a tangy caper aioli. I'm as shocked and disappointed as you are. The Predator is a failure of a sandwich. The problem is the fried chicken leg. The crust is righteously crispy, but in spots it's nearly inedible due to excessive salt. And the meat inside is slimy. I found myself doing impromptu surgery, excising a thick chunk of the leg I could appreciate the rest of the sandwich. (It's not like I generally have a hard time with this sort of thing; my creaking arteries can attest that I eat skillful delectable fried chicken sandwich way too often for my own good.)



There's a lot to enjoy about the Predator—namely, everything but the chicken. The strips of pork belly are crisp and flavorful, and I would've happily eaten the caper aioli with a spoon. Every sandwich comes with a small bag of house-made potato chips, which are the perfect side for a monster of a sandwich like this—not too greasy, not too salty, but just the right amount of quality potato sliced thin and fried golden brown.

Alongside the over-the-top 42 beers on tap, Mammoth offers a few house-made sodas. The root beer (\$4) is sadly just as disappointing as the chicken. It's flat and too sweet, which ruins the complex anise aftertaste. Despite the promise of Mammoth's shiny-new decor and luxurious high-concept theme, the meal turned out to be so disappointing that I developed the dining equivalent of Stockholm syndrome; I couldn't help but feel as though I had let the restaurant down somehow by not appreciating dammy, overrated fried chicken. I'll give Mammoth another try in the near future—the restaurant has already acquired a vocal fan base online—but this is the last Predator I'll ever try to eat. ■

EATER'S
DIGEST

BY ANGELA GARRES

NEW RESTAURANTS FROM
RENEE ERICKSON, TRAVIS
KUKULL, AND MORE

NUE Grilled Barbados pig tails.

NEW OPEN: Casco Antiguo (119 Occidental Ave S, 538-0400, cascoantiguoseattle.com) is a Mexican restaurant and cantina in Pioneer Square opened by Harvey Ward Allen (owner of neighboring Altstad) and run by Rodolfo Riverón, former chef of Capitol Hill's departed Saint. • On Capitol Hill, **Nue** (1519 14th Ave, 745-0229, nue-attle.com) serves "internationally inspired street food," such as grilled Barbados pig tails (already "one of our best sellers," says owner Chris Cvetkovich), Romanian mititei (pork sausage), and South African bunny chow. • **Slab Sandwiches and Pie** (1201 10th Ave, 323-5275, slabsandwich.com) completes chef Jonathan Sundstrom's triumvirate of restaurants in Capitol Hill's Central Agency Building, joining the reopened and revamped Lark and the new oyster and charcuterie bar Bitter/Raw. Slab serves sandwiches, slices of slab pie (both savory and sweet), and espresso drinks, and is open for breakfast and lunch on weekdays.

Renee Erickson to Open Two New Restaurants on Capitol Hill: Chef Renee Erickson, along with Jeremy Price and Chad Dale (her partners in the Walnut and the Carpenter, the Whale Wins, and Barnacle) will open two new restaurants under one roof this summer. One will be seafood-oriented, focusing on "French Atlantic flavors," and the other will feature dry-aged beef prepared on-site. The as-yet-unnamed restaurants will be located on Union Street between 10th and 11th Avenues on Capitol Hill.

Gastropod Chef Plans Mollusk in South Lake Union: Travis Kukull, chef of Gastropod and co-owner of Epic Ales, is planning to open a significantly larger restaurant in South Lake Union, in the True North Building at Dexter and Aloha. **Mollusk** will have seating for 100 (plus a patio) and will house a seven-barrel Epic Ales brewing operation. The menu will feature Southeast Asian curries and, no doubt, the creative and unexpected flavor combination: Kukull deploys as well at Gastropod. Here's hoping Mollusk will also serve Kukull's ever-changing okonomiyaki.

Good and Bad News About the Kingfish Cafe: First, Laurie and Leslie Coaston, sisters and owners of Capitol Hill's beloved Kingfish Cafe, announced they will close the restaurant on January 25. Then the Coastons revealed that they plan to open about five to-go spots throughout the city soon, serving the same family-recipe soul food. ■

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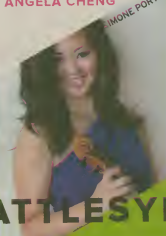
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MUSIC



SLEATER-KINNEY (L-R): Janet Weiss, Corin Tucker, Carrie Brownstein... 'cause they understood.

Sleater-Kinney's *No Cities to Love* Is Great Because We Need Them More Than They Need Us

Their Comeback Album May Be Their Best

BY ELIZABETH NELSON BRACY

You think it's over now/But we've only just begun."

So goes the priceless, invigorating taunt that Elvis Costello and the Attractions used to commence 1986's we're-back-and-ready-to-wreck-shop classic *Blood & Chocolate*.

That same spirit of exhilarating defiance infuses every last note of Sleater-Kinney's tough-minded, soul-bearing return from exile, *No Cities to Love*. A brilliantly forceful, funny, and catchy set of songs, the record seamlessly picks up the thread from 10-year-old would-be career closer *The Woods* and promptly reimagines all that this great band can be. It's worth noting that during the long and demoralizing history of rock-and-roll reunions, a fully unqualified success of this magnitude is practically unheard of.

"They broke up 10 years ago and then got back together! And this may be their best record!" Those particular words have been spoken approximately never. Until now.

When news of the band's reunion—an already-finished new record and subsequent tour—came out of nowhere late last year, the surprise was palpable mostly because there seemed no obvious impetus for it. Having left behind a formidable legacy and near perfect discography, Carrie Brownstein, Corin Tucker,

and Janet Weiss had each moved on to careers as solo artists, TV sketch comics, and sought after session players. Even at their most ostensibly noble, band reunions tend to be a phenomenon driven by some combination of magical thinking, hunger for vindication, and financial hardship. None of these factors seemed to apply in this instance. Just the opposite, in fact; the band seems fueled by an absence of desperation—which only makes the achievement of *No Cities to Love* all the more staggering.

Unquestionably, we need Sleater-Kinney more than they need us.

My previous invocation of Costello, and by extension the great British music class of 1977, is no coincidence. With notable exceptions, the years following Sleater-Kinney's absence have been complacent ones for indie music, heavy on apolitical leisure-class entertainment so bland and inoffensive that there was little more to do than shop to it. When

Sleater-Kinney storms through the *No Cities* opener, "Price Tag," it feels like a badly needed reality check: "We never knew the cost." The ghosts of Gang of Four and (the admittedly not dead) Graham Parker tumble through tracks like "A New Wave" and "No Anthems." The deliciously catchy and untinged "Hey Darling" could have fallen off the grooves of the Mekons' *Fear and Whiskey*. It's worth remembering that the first

wave of English punk emerged at the tail end of a feckless Labor Party regime presaging the onset of Margaret Thatcher's cheerfully brutalist tenure. Our society seems halfway to a similar state of affairs. *No Cities to Love*

is a hard tap on the shoulder, lest we sleep through one too many vampire weekends.

Upon their emergence in the mid-'90s, mysteriously and utterly fully formed, the most striking thing about Sleater-Kinney was the fluidity of their instrumental interplay—the way Tucker and Brownstein's guitars and Weiss's peerless drumming meshed into an idiosyncratic, thrillingly original sound. This was not unusual because they were women—it

was unusual because it almost never happens. This was NRBQ, the Band, James Brown's the J.B.'s—perfect constituent parts who in combination could make sounds no one else could re-create. For good or ill, their evident chops did not shield the band from being perceived almost entirely through the prism of gender. The old-guard critics—Christgau, Marcus, et al.—went justifiably batshit over *Dig Me Out*, but through no real fault of their own, their breathless haste to locate Sleater-Kinney in the context of a decades long personal narrative of counterculture rock bore a vague tinge of condescension. Other media outlets were exhausting in different ways—a cringe-inducing preoccupation with the members' personal intimacies, a tendency to dwell on the group's ostensibly revolutionary politics while failing to grasp their humor and nuance, their balance of pastiche and polemic.

While emphasizing Sleater-Kinney's role as avatars of feminist inspiration risks minimizing their overall importance, it's also undeniably my experience of the band and a common one for women of my generation. As I reflect back on my starled first impressions of Sleater-Kinney from my early 20s, I think what was most unusual and exhilarating to me was the consummate sense of self-possession I perceived in these three equal teammates. Each was hugely proficient, but none was the star. They were beautiful, but they didn't seem overly vain about it. They burned furiously, but they were also funny. It is in retrospect not at all strange that Carrie Brownstein went on to become a comedy star, as she and the band recall nothing so much as the withering, ravishing Katharine Hepburn of *Breaking Up Baby*. That is the type of feminism and femininity I saw in Sleater-Kinney, and nothing I had witnessed up to that point felt so much like me, or at least what I aspired to be.

As the band evolved and I wobbled through the exertions and misadventures of early adulthood, I kept coming back to Sleater-Kinney and they kept charting an inspiring and challenging course. I recall feeling initially befuddled and ill at ease at the dark emotional corridors of *The Hot Rock*, but in time it became my favorite of their records, the one I think of as the band's *Sticky Fingers*. *One Beat* was released on what was literally the worst day of my life (to date, that is; I, like Graham Parker, am admittedly not dead), which struck me as obviously deliberate and unfathomably kind. Three years later, listening to *The Woods*, I was at a much better place, and I thought: Well, we did it. We're out of the woods.

But are we? Until I heard *No Cities to Love*, I don't think I realized how much I'd missed Sleater-Kinney. Somewhat more jarringly, I don't think I realized how little self-examination music was inspiring in me in their absence. This is the kind of friend we have in Sleater-Kinney, the sort who takes your measure in a way that makes you laugh, makes you think, and ultimately makes you feel certain that things will get better. For nearly two decades, I have found the band's timing uncanny, in ways personal, political, and cultural. *No Cities to Love* is no different. I thought it was over, but it may have only just begun. I needed this. We needed this.

Sleater-Kinney How do they always know? ■

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S.O.S. BAND Mary Davis and her colleagues, taking their sweet, sweet time.

The S.O.S. Band: Slow Burning R&B for a Pop-Impatient Age

In Praise of 30 Years of Not Cutting to the Chase

BY CHARLES MUDEDE

The beginning of S.O.S. Band's "Just Be Good to Me," off their 1983 album *On the Rise*, is just incredible. There is a cry from what sounds like the urban wilderness. It is the cry of a woman.

She seems to be suffering in the worst way. What kind of trouble is she in? We know that whatever it is, it is unrelated to war, or work, or politics. "Just Be Good to Me" is an '80s R&B tune (produced by the legendary Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis—see Janet Jackson

S.O.S. Band
Sat Jan 24, Muckleshoot
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for more information), so we can be certain that the matter has something to do with love, with the heart, with the state of a sexual relationship. That cry is followed by a blast of synthesizers. The chords move with the thickness of a giant walking out of the sea, across the beach, and into the city; the melodies swirl like leaves in the wind. The suspense is terrific. What is the singer going to tell us? What is on her mind? We must wait for more than a minute before she, Mary Davis (the original and defining voice of S.O.S. Band), opens up and tells all. Can you imagine a tune in our day spending more than a minute just preparing us for a confession? We are no longer that kind of animal.

In our late and pop-impatient age, we want to know right away what's the matter with the singer. What's his/her worry? Are they in love with someone who does not love them? Do they want to get laid? Have they been caught fucking someone they should not be fucking? With, say, Beyoncé's "Single Ladies (Put a Ring on It)," we know what's up almost immediately: the dispensing of important relationship advice to "all the single ladies." With Usher's "Yeah," we know exactly what it is about—yeah—in 11 seconds flat. But "Just Be Good to Me" is nine minutes long! After that first minute of just music, the rest seems to go on forever. What concern could

justify so much time and energy? We learn that Davis is in love with a man who has other women—many other women—but she does not care about that. She wants her man to just be good to her.

The story gets more interesting. Davis, who is truly one of the greatest R&B singers of her generation—and not because she has a great voice, but because she never overdoes it, never overflows, never tries to dazzle and dazzle, but always sings within a normal human range of expression and emotion—is telling her girlfriends that she does not care about the rumors or what society thinks about his philandering and cheating.

Mary Davis is truly one of the greatest R&B singers of her generation.

She knows what he is all about, and what she wants is for him to treat her better than he treats the other women in his life. If he can do this, she will be happy with their situation. Now recall Nancy Stephens's 2004 dancehall hit "It's a Pity." Recall how she laments that the man of her life "already has a wife," and how she imagines a utopia in the distance of time, a place in a future world that has "evolved enough" for her and this other woman to share the man they want to fuck in "a civilized manner." Davis has no such fantasies; she knows her society does not like the way her man sleeps around, and she knows the man she loves is a dog.

More curious still, Davis, in the title track, "Just the Way You Like It," of the album that

followed *Rise* (this record was mostly produced by Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis—see the Roland 808 for more information), sings about how she has no problems with the fact that the man she is romantically involved with keeps other women on the side. It's just the way he likes it. And besides, he has been single for a long time. And she does not want to cramp his style. In fact, he is the one who wants to settle down with her. But she is not buying it. She knows better. He will not change overnight. Her solution, the one that comes to her mind, is that she be his number one. This song is a conversation between her and the man in question.

But on the great 1986 S.O.S. Band album *Sands of Time* (their last with productions by Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis—see Prince during the early period of his band the Time for more information) something really strange happens. The tune "Borrowed Love," which has almost the same beat as "Just Be Good to Me," finds Davis in a completely different state of mind. She is now singing not to her man, or to her girlfriends, but to herself. And what is she saying? "What could make me think that I could live on borrowed love? Now I see that I could never live on borrowed love." (By the way, "Borrowed Love" is by far my favorite S.O.S. Band tune, as well as its video, which is set in the ruins of a city that once thrived in what looks like a North African desert. All of that talk about not caring about the other women turns out to be total rubbish. She was always in love, but like a dying person who lives on borrowed time, she was only living on borrowed love. "The pain of too much pleasure is all so clear to me. After you go, nothing but ache to fill my emptiness... Emptiness, emptiness." ■)

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SCENE AND HEARD

MUSIC NEWS FROM THE
350 AND BEYOND
BY DAVE SEGAL

KEXP REVEALS ITS SPACIOUS NEW SEATTLE CENTER DIGS

Seattle radio station KEXP offered media a guided tour through its current and future homes on January 14. It started in the current Dexter Avenue North spot (8,500 square feet), which vividly revealed why the popular station is moving to a much larger space (27,000 square feet) in the Seattle Center later this year. Over the last 14 years at 113 Dexter, KEXP has run out of room for its collection of CDs, vinyl, and tapes. Some of the vinyl dates back to the early '80s, according to DJ and guide Larry Rose. In addition, the current live room is minuscule. The new live room will comfortably fit 75 spectators. Last year, KEXP hosted 392 live performances. More than 400 live performances are planned for the new facility.

KEXP's new location at First Avenue and West Republican Street (the edifice was designed by Paul Thiry and built in 1961) features amenities that proved impossible for its current building. With the design and build by Sk8 Architects, it'll be much easier for bands to load in, for one thing. In addition, touring musicians will have access to a washer and dryer, a shower, and storage



space for their gear, so they can go sightseeing without having to worry about leaving their stuff in a van. Live performances will be simulcast on screens in the gathering space/reception area and the courtyard in Seattle Center. Speaking of the gathering space, it will house a record store and a cafe. Details about those businesses have not been revealed yet.

KEXP director of business and operations Denise Burnside said that the new Seattle Center location will provide opportunities for KEXP to collaborate with nearby Vera Project, SIFF, and EMP on future projects. KEXP station director Tom Mara also spoke to the assembled journalists, saying that the move would be akin to the station "turning itself inside out." It will give KEXP "more ways to interact with listeners." He said KEXP's mission will continue to be "connecting listeners with emerging artists, and artists that they may have not discovered" on their own.

In order to finance this major move, KEXP has formed a Campaign Advisory Committee that is cochaired by Seattle musician Paula Boggs (Boggs Media, LLC), Pearl Jam's Mike McCready, community advocate Ashley O'Connor McCready, and Scott Redman (Sellen Construction). As of January 14, \$8.1 million had been raised toward a goal of \$15 million.

On January 28 at 10 a.m., a groundbreaking ceremony will take place, followed by an open house at noon. Construction will start February 17 and last eight months. Installation of technology and infrastructure is expected to last three months. KEXP needs to exit its current location by December 31. The record shop is projected to open in April 2016, in time for Record Store Day. ■

SETH AVETT & JESSICA LEA MAYFIELD

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RL Grime on What DJs Do Onstage and Why "Trap" Is Not a Bad Word

Henry Steinway Prepares Us for the Drop

BY TRENT MOORMAN

You're at the club, you're extremely well-groomed, and you're caked in so much fragrance that raccoons in Klekkat County think a barge of Drakkar Noir has run around at Cal Anderson Park. You ingest an \$11 vodka Red Bull and slide to the dance floor like a cobra. RL Grime's gusty, crystallized "Amphibian" swishes solidly out of the speakers. This is the sound of the selfie, and it's time to display to potential mates that your vice couldn't be righter: Grime's sonic ingredients set you up well—the glide of rave, the tonnage of Southern rap beats, and the game (shame) of meathard trap. Your moves are succinct demonstrations of robotic knowledge. Next up on the system is the harder-hitting "Valhalla" off Grime's new album, *Vudu*. You let out an eighth of a twerk, and then it's the build. Feel it ascend—whap whap whap whap, tat-tat-tat-tat, ta-ta-ta-ta shuffle. Then the moment of silence, the hesitation, and the drop. The room loses it when the beat kicks in. Vodka Red Bulls spill everywhere. People fall and flail. This is what you've worked for—this losing it. The room combusts in selfies, sex explodes, and you dance like a condoor. Twenty-three-year-old RL Grime (born Henry Steinway—yes, as in the piano) spoke from his hometown of Los Angeles.

What's the greatest number of selfies you've ever seen someone take during one song?

Sometimes people get on a roll, you know. Where it's nothing but selfies. A number? I'd say 10? Or 15? Maybe higher. If a song is four minutes long and someone's taking selfies the whole time, what's the math? I don't understand how that many selfies are possible.

You're the first human to ever fully waterproof a laptop by using only tin foil and nipple clamps.

A lot of people don't know that about me [laughs].

Walk me through what you do on "Valhalla" when you play it live. Are you doing anything?

I make a lot of different edits, so it's a more unique experience when I play live—be it putting an a capella part from some other song on top of it, or fixing the arrangement a bit. It varies every night. I try to switch it up so things are new for people. I use Reason and Ableton. A lot of the live edits I make are in Ableton. But when I'm making a new song, it's usually in Reason.

Why is "trap" a bad word?

It's not a bad word; it's more of a gimmick to me. Or that's what it's turned into. I understand where that word comes from. And I understand why my music has been labeled that. But I'm more interested in getting outside of that.

That's gotta be frustrating to be labeled something and not agree with it. Yeah. That's the crux of any artist. Being

pigeonholed in something sucks, obviously. It's been cool trying to branch out a bit, while still making records that attest to my roots and early influences.

Prepare me for a drop. I'm out there at your show, putting in work. There's the buildup, then the double time, then the shuffle-thrush. Then the pause—that moment of clarity. I take a sip of an ice-cold Lime-A-Rita tall can. I think of a gentle breeze. Because when it comes back in, there's nothing you can do but lose your mind. Advise RL Grime fans how to get ready for when the beat kicks back in. Some light stretching?

Oh yeah, I think light stretching is smart. And having a sip of some sort of Lime-A-Rita beverage is also smart. I think you nailed it on the head there. Collect yourself during the moment of clarity. Yes, the light breeze [laughs], maybe think of a moon jellyfish



RL GRIME *His real name is Henry Steinway.*

undulating. When it kicks back in, try not to spill the Lime-A-Rita. That easily happens. It might be time for dance clubs to start serving drinks in sippy cups.

What fucked-up things have you seen people do when the beat drops back in? Have you ever seen anyone wipe mayonnaise on themselves, or cook bacon?

I've seen many shirts come off, and underwear. There was a guy in Nashville who had broken his foot like three days before the show. But he didn't get a cast on it because

the doctor told him he had to be bedridden once the cast was on. And he wanted to come to the show. So he showed up with a broken foot and his crutches, holding them up in the air. I hope he didn't make his foot any worse than it was. ■

Read the rest of this interview at
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NEVER HEARD OF 'EM

BY ANNA MINARD

Anna Minard, our former city hall reporter, claims to "know nothing about music." For this column, we force her to listen to all the records that music nerds consider important.

SLEATER-KINNEY

Dig Me Out (Kill Rock Stars)

WOOOO-HOOOOO, this is a hell of a week for this album—and I mean that in a good way! This week, I:

- Spent a bunch of time reading three comic books: *Bitch Planet*, *Ms. Marvel*, and *Y. The Last Man* (all of which are packed full of **boss ladies kicking people's faces** and saving people and being cool).

- Watched *Thelma & Louise* with a room full of loud, hilarious feminists and then also watched *In a World...*

- Ignored football as best I could in favor of reading, cooking, and talking to badass women about stuff like weight lifting and the politics of body hair.

- Sang Vitamin C's "Graduation (Friends Forever)" at karaoke and dedicated it to my **eight-grade graduation outfit** (baby-blue leopard-print tube dress, chunky heels).

- Discovered the podcast *Call Your Girlfriend*, which is just two smart, funny female best friends talking about the world. I'm just saying, by the time I got around to listening to Sleater-Kinney in the living room, my brain was **pumped and primed** for women in charge to tell me what's



up. So while I think a couple years ago, and maybe even in a different week, I might've gotten my "ow-loud-people-are-yelling" face listening to this, this week it made me want to put on big boots and run around practicing karate, high-fiving random women on the street.

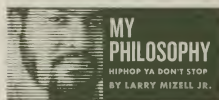
My favorite songs: "One More Hour," which makes me feel spooky and melancholy, "Little Babies," which nods my head for me, "Dance Song '97," because it **feels like a heartbeat**. Actually, I could keep going on listing songs, because every time I listen through, I get interested in a new one.

The vocalist who's doing that wavery yodel cry—is that Carrie Brownstein? [Editor's note: No, that's Corin Tucker]—is so complex, animal, weird, lovely. Listening to this makes me want to understand music better, to pick apart what each instrument is doing. The layers of what

seem like totally normal rock-song ingredients are doing something really great and I want to know why. What's the slow, steady crunch noise that some guitar (7) is making in "Jenny"? Why does this all sound so full, even though only three people are generating it? This noise is so rich. How do the vocals switch to well back and forth between chanting, singing, screaming?

Something about this makes me feel included, like this is *my* soundtrack. It makes me want to go more Sleater-Kinney in a record store and **not avoid eye contact with the clerk**. Which is convenient, because I think I got assigned this album because they have a new album out? I'M SO READY.

I give this a "YEAHHHHHHHHH" out of 10. ■



NW RAPPERS ON GENTRIFICATION

"And they say that times change/Well times will always change the same."

—Shabazz Palaces, "Capital 5"

Hip-hop—for those just tuning in—is the story of a **people uprooted**, enslaved, and killed, then freed, terrorized (by a massive, nationally supported terrorist organization), and killed, then uprooted again, terrorized (by much the same)... and then killed some more. Oh, and enslaved (aka "punishment for a crime," as detailed in the 13th Amendment) some more! And: killed.

And, of course, seemingly everywhere you look—uprooted again. Gradually forced out of the areas that they were forced into in the first place, between those old red lines. When black faces initially showed up in these neighborhoods, looking for a fresh start, it caused the white flight that created the flavorless suburbs. Now, those same suburbs are fast becoming the new 'hood. **You know all this.** It's all on your FB feed, right between the Worldstar fight clips and stupid cat videos. It might even be on your front door—a more than 100 percent increase in your own rent, aka a 60-day notice to pack your shit and get your broke ass out of town.

You might remember me mentioning *Draze's* "Hood Ain't the Same" in this space early last year—or maybe not, and

that fact made you hot. Whatever the case, it's a song whose relevance has in fact only grown since last March. In the space of a decade, "Kent's the new South End, the South End is the CD/And the CD/Is a thing of the past." The locations in that video—among them the dearly departed Sam's Burgers, Ms. Helen's, and the Silver Fork—would now have to include the Kingfish Cafe, which will soon be shutting its doors after its rent doubled. It's not about the eat spots, though. It's about the folks who ate there, who knew each other, who took the space they were given and made a vibrant community out of it—and about the forces that are "movin' us around like an experiment."

Some time ago, NE Portland native Hanif (aka Luca Eno, ICMY) packed his bags and moved out to Harlem—the storied mecca of black neighborhoods in America, "the capital of every ghetto town," as Bobby Womack once put it. Ever since Bill Clinton moved in, though, things done changed—look no further than Hanif's deceptively lighthearted video for his song "Gentilly." "Now don't you feel stupid trying to claim a block," he asks, "and represent it with this bicycle-riding vegans and bagel shops?" Those dreaded H-words are, in fact, one of the hardest gangs on the streets, **fucking accrued economic muscle** and squeezing out the locals. Rarely has the hollowness of thuggadocio been laid more bare than in lines like:

"How you finna spray the Glock/Who you finna aim to hit/Talking 'bout you down to rock/You can't even pay the rent!" At the end of it all, Hanif sardonically welcomes the inevitable: "Because all living things were meant to die." Because, really, what are you gonna do about it? ■

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Wednesday 1/21

Gabriel Teodros, Dex Amora, Shakhai

Ⓢ (Crocodile) Respect where respect is due: Gabriel Teodros has been a fixture in the local hip-hop scene for more than a decade, officially making him an old head at this point, known almost as much for his affable hustle and connections in the community as he is for his formidable back catalog. Through his work in Abyssinian Creole (with Khings) and CopperWire (with Meklit Hadero and Burntface), along with his solo material,

Teodros molded and refined the socially conscious journeyman steeped in the Seattle underground through the '00s, becoming the godfather of backpack rappers everywhere in the process. Tonight, Teodros rocks the Croc with a host of like-minded talent in support, including the massively performing Minneapolis transplant Dex Amora, whose *Aura EP* merits your attention posthaste. **KYLE FLECK**

Thursday 1/22

RL Grime, Ianic, Tommy Krue

(Neptune) See preview, page 35.

Aesop Rock, Rob Sonic, Hail Mary Mallon, Homeboy Sandman

Ⓢ (Neumos) Aesop Rock shot to prominence amid the East Coast underground boom spearheaded

by the Definitive Jux label at the beginning of our troubled new millennium, set apart from the crowd by his distinctively charcoal-gritty voice and almost impenetrably obtuse, allusion-heavy rhymes. More *Naked Lunch* than *Native Tongue*. He's proven remarkably consistent, too, crafting a run of albums that have never been less than good (*None Shall Pass*) and frequently flirt with greatness (*Bazooka Tooth*). His latest, 2012's *Skeleton*, may be the strongest yet in Rock's discography, with his self-produced beats combining EL-style corrosive, scrap-heap rhythms with circuit-bent electronics and agitated electric guitar. In tow this evening are Rob Sonic, with whom Rock collaborates under the name Hail Mary Mallon, and lyrically beset brainiac Homeboy Sandman. **KYLE FLECK**

Cult of Youth, Haunted Bones, Hive Mind, KA

(Highline) Led by Sean Ragon, Brooklyn quintet Cult of Youth record for the hot rock label Sacred Bones, usually a sign of quality in underground rock of a darker bent. Their hard-charging, wind-swept post punk carries unexpected folk-rock undertones, sounding like a weird hybrid of Theatre of Hate and Death in June. The two vocalists get right up in your grill with Ian Curtis/Michael Gira-like stentorian angst and a blue-collar, punky truculence. *Final Days*, Cult of Youth's latest album, exudes the urgency of said end times with a kind of heroic refusal to cave in to full-time despondency. They weave acoustic guitar and cello with electronics in a very organic, cohesive manner, maximizing the contrasting tim-



GABRIEL TEODROS The godwill godfather of backpack rappers. Wednesday, January 21, at the Crocodile.

bres of these elements. Check out "Empty Space" for an exemplary dose of that. **DAVE SEGAL**

Kathleen Parrish, Bleachbear, Emily Clementine

Ⓢ (Vera) Here's a great chance to support young music—especially young music made by young women! Two sisters plus one cousin (all under the age of 17) make up Bleachbear, a Seattle band creating heartfelt, lemonade-dream-pop that captures the sweeter, more earnest parts of being young, but with self-assurance beyond their years. They'll also be competing in the Seattle Center's annual Sound Off underage battle of the bands on Sunday 1/25. Also tonight: Emily Clementine, a singer/songwriter with an (expertly decorated) acoustic guitar—she has many YouTube covers of artists like Mary Lambert, Ellie Goulding, and Bon Iver—and Kathleen Parrish, a jazz-influenced and classically trained singer/songwriter. **EMILY NOKES**

Diminished Men, Ben von Wildenhaus, Correspondents

(Sunset) Ben von Wildenhaus is probably best known as the guitarist for the slashing hard-rock band Federation X, whose members currently dwell in Seattle, Bellingham, and New York. But his 2011 album *Cold Melodies from Around* overturns everything you think you know about him. It's a nomadic travel through sleep-augmented balladry, unsettling sine-wave etherality, minor-key, burner-drummed guitar meditations, and vaguely Central European, film-noirish atmosphere-mongering that recalls the work of Sir Richard Bishop and Simon Hennessen (the latter is Diminished Men's guitarist, by the way). The pervasive mood is intimate and nocturnal, as von Wildenhaus constructs evocative scenarios with a few well-considered gestures. His subtlety and keen ear for pensive beauty go a long way. **DAVE SEGAL**

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9pm \$7

Thursday, January 22nd

CULT OF YOUTH

Hive Mind, KA,
Haunted Bones
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Friday, January 23rd

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Friday 1/23

Seattle Elvis Invitationals

(Crocodile) See Stranger Suggests, page 21.

Beacon, Lord RAJA

(Barboza) See Data Breaker, page 45.

Stickers, Clearinghouse, the Blues, Vats

© (Black Lodge) Stickers have a jangly no-wave ripper called "Cuttie" on their 2014 debut LP, *Swollen*. In the song's crescendo, singer Gabi Gabe-Fort's saxophone howls like another female voice. Clearinghouse play experimental noise rock, and they have a song called "Weird Salad Bar." They also have *Stranger* freelance writer Brittnie Fuller on sax. Oakland group the Blues feature former members of Stillsuit and the Trashies. The Blues' music recalls a ninth-grade-band-class free-for-all at the moment you realize only some of the kids can play their instruments, but the dude on saxophone is unfuckwithable. Vats' singer sounds a little like Siostrze Sioux, and the band doesn't seem to want, or need, a saxophone. It all adds up to: YOU SHOULD GO. KELLY O

The Spider Trio, Kestrel, Mark Ostrowski's Justified Remains

(Blue Moon Tavern) Spider Trio are one of those rare groups who play out and release music too infrequently. But when all the stars align and saxophonist Walt Shoup, guitarist Jeffery Taylor (Climax Golden Twins, Hound Dog Taylor's Hand), and drummer Dave Aramson (Diminished Men, Master Musicians of Bukkake) gather in a studio, the results curl your synapses. Spider's self-released 2014 CD unleashes fiery jazz catharsis in nine suspenseful scenarios. Some people think jazz is dead, but bands like Spider Trio prove such declarations to be folly. Their music's full of venomous vitality and artful tumult. Mark Ostrowski's Justified Remains are a new ensemble featuring the namesake percussionist, Diminished Men guitarist Simon Henneman, and Ask the Ages bassist John Seman. There's no music to hear yet, but the press release



CHRIS COLETTA/STICKERS

STICKERS Jangly no-wave. Friday, January 23, at Black Lodge.

says MOJR are "dedicated to the melding of improvised and composed music in the grand tradition of the American post-Cobaine continuum... and want to break stuff." DAVE SEGAL

Murder Vibes, Jamie Aaron Aux, Navvi

(Columbia City Theater) Seattle duo Murder Vibes—vocalist/rhythm guitarist Peter Hanks and multi-instrumentalist Jordan Evans—recently dropped an impressive self-titled debut. There's definitely a goth-electro thing going on here, not exactly novel in today's music universe, but *Murder Vibes* sounds a cut above. There's zero irony here, and it comes off not as derivative, but as the exact type of music these dudes want to and should be playing. The production values are undoubted and swanky, and there's at least one should-be hit in the surging crescendos of "Right One," if not a few more in the multitracked, serpentine lushness of "Wicked

Girl" and the easily digestible "Not Alone Tonight," which at the moment seems to be getting them the most traction on the internet. GRANT BRISSEY

Tom Price Desert Classic, Can You Imagine?, Your Mother Should Know, Dead Bars

(Highline) Can you imagine a band with studio saxophone/keyboardist Steve Risk (Pell Mell, Pigeon-hed) and comics superstar Peter Bagge (*Hate, Hate Stuff*)? It ain't easy, but they do exist, with a lineup filled out by vocalist Michelle Brake, bassist Rachel Frost, and drummer Sue Merrill. Can You Imagine? play ebullient, twit-pyot that squarely aims for fun and hits the target most of the time. They also do sweet covers of the Velvet Underground's "Femme Fatale," the Who's "So Sad About Us," and the Hollies' "Can't Let Go." Think a less flamboyant and propulsive 8-52s and you're close to capturing this Seattle quintet's kitsch appeal. DAVE SEGAL

Saturday 1/24

S.O.S. Band

(Muckleshoot Casino) See preview, page 33.

The Vaseline, Loch Lommond

(Neumos) The Vaseline had already made their name before Sub Pop came calling—one listen to 1987's "Son of a Gun" and it was clear they were contenders—but the label helped them to reach a wider audience (famous fans like Kurt Cobain didn't

Some people think jazz is dead, but bands like Spider Trio prove such declarations to be folly.

hurt). Then, just as new listeners were discovering their fuzz-pop gems, Eugene Kelly and Frances McKee broke up. After they reunited, Sub Pop released their second full-length, *Sex with an X*. Not long afterward, band and label quietly parted ways. Did they jump or were they pushed? No matter: The Vaseline are back with a new album (*V for Vaseline*) and a label (Rosary Music) of their own. Better yet, these foulmouthed John Waters devotees don't sound as if they've aged a day. KATHY FENNESSY

Tacos!, Caligula, Levels, Witch Ripper

(Barboza) As a general rule, I believe in keeping food references out of music. But some of you more metal-inclined folks might be familiar with the term "taco riff." Originally coined by a writer for *Beastie Boys'* short-lived *Grand Royal* magazine, a taco riff is a riff so meaty and crunchy that it quote *Metalsucks* contributor Justin Foley, "the Taco Riff does not need the rest of the song... the rest of the song is usually just window dressing." With that in mind, Tacos! actually have the perfect moniker. There isn't a single song on their

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KARINA TO RUMY / SCOTT KELLY OF THE WOODS / SPARKS (SOLD OUT)
DR. SNOW / BOO SUN / MOTOLWAVE IN WHITE / THE DEVIL WEARS PRADA**

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G. LOVE & LANCE
THE SUNDAY BLUES HOUR
ON THE MONEY
FRI JAN 30

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MAKES
THREE
& JOE
PUG**

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RYAN BINGHAM
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self-titled album that isn't a Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade of taco riffs—the cataclysmic crescendo of “Sexy Nap,” the relentless pounding of “Wood Elf,” the bottom-feeder lunch of “Loopsss.” Even the exclamation point is well deserved—taco riffs!

BRIAN COOK

The Ballad of Ishtar
is an original opera,
part-composed and part-
improvised, by some of the
most badass performers
and composers around.

Physics

● (Grand Illusion) Ever been to a show at the stellar, volunteer-run U-District indie theater Grand Illusion Cinema? It's *Gonna Blow*: San Diego's Music Underground 1986-1996 is a feature-length documentary that explores the scene rumored to become “the next Seattle” and birthed cult acts like Drive Like Jehu, the Locust, Rocket from the Crypt, Clikatkat Ikatwot, and No Knife. Following a Q&A with director Bill Perrine, chill math-rockers Physics will inundate the space with their sweeping, electronically infused post-rock sagas. With influences ranging from the Melvins to Tangerine Dream, Physics fuse elements of krautrock, drone, and math rock. The band (which originally broke up in 2000) uses tenne guitar buildups and spaced synths to create songs that should resonate with fans of all kinds of weird rock. **BRITTNEY FULLER**

The Ballad of Ishtar: Beth Fleenor, Evan Flory-Barnes, Ahamefule J. Oluo, Jimmie Heirad

● (Chapel Performance Space) Okay, this you must not miss. It's an original opera, part-composed and part-improvised, by a raucous crew of the most badass and experimental performers and composers around, like Beth Fleenor, Evan Flory-Barnes, and



THE VASELINES The foul-mouthed John Waters devotees are back. *Saturday, January 24, at Neumos.*

Ahamefule J. Oluo. The story is based on Ishtar, Babylonian goddess of sex and war, and she is monumentally pissed about rape culture. She travels to the underworld and back trying to figure out whether and why humanity deserves any kind of connection and intimacy at all, on a sea of alto sax, viola, trumpet, jazz bass, touch guitar, laptoelectronics, prepared guitar, and percussion performed live onstage with additional singers and a dancer. **JEN GRAVES**

School of Rock Performs the Talking Heads

● (Crocodile) Tackling the Talking Heads can present some tough challenges for the young musicians in the School of Rock. Sure, the first two Talking

Heads albums—77 and *More Songs About Building and Food*—abound with relatively straightforward, catchy rock tunes, albeit many filled with a NYC urgency and uptightness that are somewhat foreign to Seattle, as exemplified by “Psycho Killer.” Things get a bit trickier with the *Fear of Music* *Remain in Light* diptych. The increased use of weird effects on *Fear* and the roiling, African-inflected rhythms and eerily solemn atmospheres of *Remain in Light* will be difficult to execute in a live setting, but don't be surprised if the School of Rock ends up burning down the house. Let's hope they don't shy away from the Heads' more unnerving songs, like “Drugs,” “I Zimbra,” “Animals,” and “The Overload.” **DAVE SEGAL**

Sunday 1/25

Wimps, Mega Men, G. Green, Mega Bog

(Blue Moon Tavern) The 2014 album *Gone Banana* by Mega Bog (the ongoing project of Seattle's Erin Birny and various friends) has been on my rotation for a few months now—it's laid-back space-hammock music for gentle living-room dance parties and winter survival. Also tonight: the very great Wimps—a band whose catchy, salty, punk-pop hits are never not included in my “These songs are so great” playlist. Portland's Woolen Moon like lo-fi poprock music that's jangly and spare; the vocals lend warm talk-singing but don't make me want to put my head in the oven. With the bouncy power pop of Sacramento's G. Green. **EMILY NOKES** See also *Stranger Suggests*, page 21.

Monday 1/26

Andy Stott, Kowton, Raica

(Neumos) British producer Andy Stott is one of the hottest tastes in electronic music at the moment, and he shows no signs of losing that momentum any time soon, so don't sleep. After a solid though somewhat utilitarian run of dub-techno releases in the mid-'00s, Stott increasingly began experimenting with texture, tone, and tempo, eventually crafting the death-disc masterpieces *We Stay Together* and *Passed Me By* in the process. On excellent follow-up album *Luxury Problems*, he brought a trained opera singer on board, giving his monochromatic, minimalist sonic architecture some pleasantly humanistic curvature. Last year saw the release of *Faith in Strangers*, an even more ambitious outing that adds in elements of post-punk and industrial chug, culminating in the title track's grayscale pop populace. **KYLE FLECK** See also *Stranger Suggests*, page 21, and *Data Bearer*, page 45.

Tuesday 1/27

If you think about it, seals are just dog mermals.

NECTAR LOUNGE
412 N 36th St
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1.22 Thursday / Electronic / Hip Hop
THEORETICS (EP RELEASE)
The Bad Tenants, Klozed Sirkut
\$7 adv / \$17 dos, 8pm, 21+

1.23 Friday / Funk / Afrobeat
POLYRHYTHMICS
Sophisticated
\$12 adv / \$15 dos, 8pm doors, 21+

1.24 Saturday / David Bowie / Talking Heads
BOWIEVISION
This Is Not My Beautiful Band, DJ Chrispo
\$3 adv / \$17 dos, 8pm doors, 21+

1.25 Sunday / Hip Hop / R&B
NAPPY ROOTS
Ayo Dot & The Uppercuts, The Approach
\$3 adv / \$15 dos, 8pm doors, 21+

1.26 Monday / Weekly
MO' JAM MONDAYS
Where Seattle Musicians Come To Jam
NO COVER, 9pm doors, 21+

1.27 Tuesday / Free Live Band Karaoke!
KARAOKEGRASS
Your chance to sing pop hits on stage w/
live bluegrass band backing you up!
8pm Doors/Sign-ups, 9pm Karaoke/Grass!
NO COVER, 21+

1.28 Wednesday / Reggae/Ska
Take Warning Presents:
MAD CADDIES
THE AGGROLITES
The Runa Gang
\$20 adv / \$25 dos, 8pm, 21+

1.29 Hoo! Benefits 1:30 Turkuaz 1:31
Jai Hol! 2:4 Natty Vibes / Junior Reid 2:5
Rakos Koch / Toppa / 3:00 Migley Cium ands

BENBOW ROOM

THURSDAY JANUARY 22 9:00 PM
VERBAL TIP
THE FABRIOUS DOWNEY BROTHERS, NESTORIA

FRIDAY JANUARY 23 9:00 PM
SIN CIRCUS
FALLEN KINGS, THE PETTING ZU

SATURDAY JANUARY 24 9:00 PM
MATT THE HOOPLA
CFP PRESENTS STONES EXTRA VAGANZA
QUEEN ANNE'S REVENGE

SUNDAY JANUARY 25 7:00 PM FREE
THE BENBOW SOUND NITECAP PRESENTS
IAN HILL, CHAMPAGNE HONEYBEE
AND JOE PLUCKER, WITH SCOTT M.X. TURNER

THURSDAY JANUARY 27 8:30 PM FREE
TRIVIA NIGHT
HOSTED BY BESSIE JAMES
PRIZES, DRINKS AND BRAINY GOOD FUN

WEDNESDAY JANUARY 28 8:00 PM FREE
TBASA'S LO-FI ALL STARS PRESENTS
WES SPEIGHT, BRAD YAEGER
AND SHADES OF STATIC

THURSDAY JANUARY 29 9:00 PM
BAD POET, ANNIE O'NEILL
SAINT JOHN
MATTHEW MEADOWS

4210 SW ADMIRAL WAY, SEATTLE, WA 98116
WWW.BENBOWROOM.COM

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January 22

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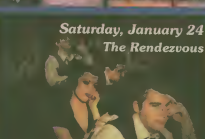


FRIDAY, JAN 23

NEIGHBOURS NIGHTCLUB

MARK MADONNE PRESENTS...

ADORE DELANO
TIL DEATH DO US PARTY
LIVE IN CONCERT!



Saturday, January 24
The Rendezvous

GOOD CO. and
General Mojo's Key Project



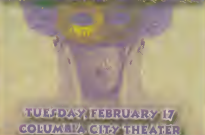
Sunday, January 25 // Art Works Here:
Small Business Workshop Series



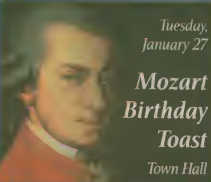
MIMOSAS with Mama

Sunday,
Jan. 25

Unicorn - Narwhal



TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 17
COLUMBIA CITY THEATER



Tuesday,
January 27

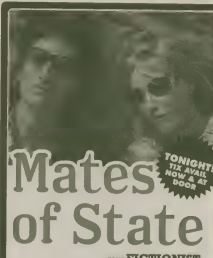
Mozart Birthday Toast
Town Hall

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Bell Harbor International Conference Center at Pier 91

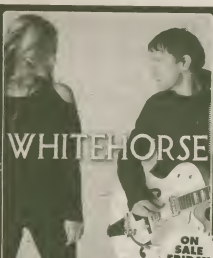


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21+ • TIX AT TICKETWEB.COM



WHITEHORSE

ON SALE FRIDAY 10AM

APRIL 1 • TRACTOR TAVERN

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clean bandit

ON SALE FRIDAY NOON



APRIL 21 • THE SHOWBOX
ALL AGES • TIX @ AXS.COM

THE WOMBATS



ON SALE FRIDAY 10AM

MAY 19 • THE CROCODILE
ALL AGES • TICKETFLY.COM

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MONQOI

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WEDNESDAYS:
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FRI 1/23: JP Hennessy Duo
(Blues)

SAT 1/24: The Town Down All
(Funk & Disco)

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High Dive

THU 1/22 HIGH DIVE PRESENTS: FUNK SOUL GIGGLES
MARMALADE 4-7 PM

FRI 1/23 HIGH DIVE PRESENTS: ROCK
FOXY LEMON
CHROME LAKES, THE PAINTERS
7-9:30 PM

SAT 1/24 HIGH DIVE PRESENTS:
SEATTLE'S BEST COVER BAND
805 INVASION
• ALL NIGHT LONG!
8-10:30 PM

SUN 1/25 HIGH DIVE PRESENTS: ROCK
DEVIN SINHA
FOX & THE GYPSY
NICK NERVOUS
5-7 PM

MON 1/26 **ABSOLUTE KARAOKE**
WITH CJ-HOUMI: 55 JAMESON DRINKS
ALL NIGHT LONG! FREE 9 PM

TUE 1/27 HIGH DIVE PRESENTS: INDIE AC/ROCK
STEFAN PAUL GEORGE
SHANNON JAE, NORM BOWEN
5-8 PM

WED 1/28 HIGH DIVE PRESENTS: ROCK/POLY/INDIE
SLAKETOPIUS
GUNPOWDER
WILD WANTS
5-8 PM

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[22] E. MADISON

WED 1/21 Happy Hour All Night!

FRI 1/23 NICE N BIEZEY

SAT 1/24 **disco mundo!**

SUN 1/25 4PM WORLD'S TINIEST TEADANCH

TUE 1/27 **HATE KARAOKE!**

SAVE THE LOVECAST
Your sex life demands it.

JAZZ

• **JAZZ ALLEY** Tower of Power, 9:30 pm, \$40.50

• **THE TRIPLE DOOR** Theatrical, 7:30 pm, \$40

• **TILA's** Valley Johnson

DJ

BALLROOM Rendezvous
Friday: DJ Sheatyles, guests
BLISS ROOM DJ
Chirleyes, MC Art
FOUNDATION Reconnect
Friday: Guests
FUEL DJ Headache, guests
NAVINA Rotating DJs
LACRYL LAKEWOOD BACK ALLEY
BAR
MERCURY Openers: Raabons
• **NUCLEAR** Drama
Friday: Guests
THEATRY Lounge: Rapunzel
Guests, \$5 after 11 pm
THEATRY Playboy: Guy
V50P: Tyler & DJ Phase

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PERFORMANCE GALLERY

WED 1/21 8PM FLUOR SYNTHS
w/ Lucere, Blush Cut,
Pure Moods,
The Propagation
of Virtue, and feat.
Interstital teneague by
DJ T-Rexx

FRI 1/23 9PM REAL DON MUSIC,
Bardot

Sun 1/25 4PM 1000 ORIGAMI
VAGINAS for Cervical
Cancer Awareness
2nd Annual Fundraiser

Sun 1/25 8PM Front Room:
GULLY / YESSER
/ BIDDADAT

Tue 1/27 9PM STOP BITING W/
Big Pauper (PDX),
Cars & Trains (PDX),
AC Lewis.
Absolutemadman, &
Introcuct \$5 / 21+

UPCOMING EVENTS
1/20 LA Wink

thelofi.net
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429 Eastlake Ave. East
Ages 21+

pn, \$10

MUSQUAMIN LOHNE
lan Fasquii, 5 pm, free

• **YERB PROJECT School** of Rock Perform: Taking
Heads: the M8, Drummer,
Buchanan Drinking Team

• **EL CORAKOR** Powerman
5000, Hedgeli, guests

JAZZ

• **JAZZ ALLEY** Tower of Power, 9:30 pm, \$40.50

• **THE TRIPLE DOOR** Theatrical, 7:30 pm, \$40

• **TILA's** Valley Johnson

DJ

BALLROOM Rendezvous
Friday: DJ Sheatyles, guests
BLISS ROOM DJ
Chirleyes, MC Art
FOUNDATION Reconnect
Friday: Guests
FUEL DJ Headache, guests
NAVINA Rotating DJs
LACRYL LAKEWOOD BACK ALLEY
BAR
MERCURY Openers: Raabons
• **NUCLEAR** Drama
Friday: Guests
THEATRY Lounge: Rapunzel
Guests, \$5 after 11 pm
THEATRY Playboy: Guy
V50P: Tyler & DJ Phase

CLASSICAL

• **RENAISSANCE** The Wood Brothers, Mendocino
8 pm

• **NUCLEAR** Drama
Friday: Guests
THEATRY Lounge: Rapunzel
Guests, \$5 after 11 pm
THEATRY Playboy: Guy
V50P: Tyler & DJ Phase

SAT 1/24

LIVE

ADRIAN RENOW Matt the
Hoxia, 9 pm, \$5

• **BARBORA** Taccot

THE HOMOSEXUAL AGENDA

BY ADRIAN RYAN

Adore Delano

WEDNESDAY 1/21
GET DOWN WITH GUNCL

There once was a dark and terrible time, not that long ago in fact, when the term "gay uncle" brought up unpleasant images of shadowy family black sheep and bad touching. It was a dark age indeed. But luckily, we live in the post-gay future times, and all that's firmly behind us. Now, when one hears the term "gay uncle," it raises feelings of whimsical mirth (mirthful whimsy?) and expectations of hilarity. This installment of Gay Uncle Time at the Rendezvous will feature not only everyone's favorite gay uncle, Jeffrey Robert, but also the very funny whimsies of Ian Schuelke and Megan Huggen and Peggy Platt and way too many more to mention. Jason Jeffrey describes the show as "John Waters substituting for Garrison Keillor on a \$13 budget in a friend's living room." And yes, that is completely correct. *Rendezvous*, 7 pm, \$5, 21+.

THURSDAY 1/22
MADONNA VS. PRINCE VS. WHITNEY

SEATTLE has confirmed conclusively that Central Cinema's trademark sing-alongs are more addictive than heroin, cocaine, caffeine, and Tumblr porn COMBINED and more fun than a bucket of monkeys on molly. They have, of course, the '80s Sing-

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JAZZ

• **CHORUSHOES** SHOPPING
Saturday: Guests, 6 pm

• **THE TRIPLE DOOR** Theatrical, 7:30 pm, \$40

• **JAZZ ALLEY** Tower of Power, 9:30 pm, \$40.50

• **THEATRY** Lounge: Rapunzel
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ADORE DELANO

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MUSIC/QUARTET LOUNGE
CRACKA CRACKA
● **THE TRIPLE DOOR**
TREATER Casey Abrams
YTO'S RESTAURANT &
LOUNGE Ruby Bishop, 6 pm;
the Ron Walstein Trio

JAZZ

● **JAZZ ALLEY** Tower of
Power, 7:30 pm, \$48.50
● **ROCKY PONCHO RALL**
Ben Wendel, guests, 8 pm
● **TULA'S** Montclair Jumpin'
Jazz Orchestra, 8 pm, \$35; Jim
Culter Jazz Orchestra

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Resurrection
Sundays
CONTORER Broken Grooves
THE EAGLE "Barf" Dance:
Up Above, Flatfish, free
DREAM'S Soul FILL
PORT Tula/Dance, DJ El Toro,
Tropical King of Parties, 4 pm
● **RE-BAR** Flameable: DJ
Wesley Holmes, 9 pm

CLASSICAL

● **RELAND ODD FELLOWS**
LADIES Ladies Musical Club,
2 pm, free
● **BENAROYA HALL** Seattle
Symphony, Seattle Youth
Symphony Orchestras, 2 pm
● **BENAROYA HALL**
RECTORIAL Ball Winter
Festival, Seattle Chamber
Music Society, 7:30 pm
● **UNIVERSITY ORENTAL**
CHURCH Kathleen Dunn
Moore, Rachelle McCabe

MON
1/26

LIVE

● **AMERICANA** Open Mic
DANIEL'S FEVERYCHORUS
Dave Harmonson
● **EL CORAZON** Calabrese,
Hedra MacKenzie, 7:30 pm,
\$10/\$12; Jake E. Lee's
Red Dragon Carlin, Late

September Dogs, guests, 8
pm, \$20/\$25
● **RECTORIAL** Ma/Jam Mondays:
Morganica Quarter, guests
● **KENDRICK** Andy Stott,
Kowton RAICA, 5 pm, \$15
● **TRIPLE DOOR**
MUSIC/QUARTET LOUNGE
Crossthrift Sessions

JAZZ

● **THE ROYAL ROOM** Rodrigo
Fox & David Merritt, 7 pm
● **YELA'S** Lovers Music &
the SOCO Jazz Orchestra

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Jam Jam
● **BAR SITE** Motown on
Mondays, 10 pm, free
● **THE REDUCED** Industry
Standard, Guests, free
● **MOE BAR** Moe Bar Mondays
PORT Fruit

● **RE-BAR** Colide-O-Scope

TUE
1/27

LIVE

● **CONOR BYRNE** Country
Dance! Nigra, Guests
● **CROCODILE** Jukebox the
Ghost, Twin Forks, Secret
Somewhere, 7 pm, \$12
● **EL CORAZON** Mayhem,
Vainam, Revenge
● **HOSE DIVE** Stefan Paul
George, Shannon Jan, Norm
Bowler, 8 pm, \$6
● **KELLS** Liam Gallagher
HEPTONE THEATRE Night
Beat String Quartet, 9 pm
● **PARAGON** You Play Tuesday:
Guests, 8 pm, free
● **SEANOWITZ** McTuff Trio,
10 pm, free
● **SLIM'S LAST CHANCE** Lord
Dogsma, 7 pm, free
● **STEVIE LEXTER** (a Jon Roth,
Red Zone Riders, Black
Knights, guests, 6:30 pm)

POSTER OF THE WEEK



Here's a sentiment I can fully support. This poster series by #CapHiPLPSA is pretty right on, although I must deduct a few points for propagating the term "Cap Hill," which belongs in the bin with "Pike's Place Market." **AARON HUFFMAN**

TIN'S TAVEN

Open Mic:
Lydia Lee, 8 pm
● **TRACTOR REVEN** Lukas
Nelson & the Promises of the
Real, 8 pm, \$15
● **THE TRIPLE DOOR**
TREATER Zach Fleury

JAZZ

● **JAZZ ALLEY** Lynne, Carla,
Glen, 7:30 pm, \$28.50
● **TULA'S** Critical Mass Big
Band, 7:30 pm, \$10

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Drum &
Bass Tuesdays

THE EAGLE

Pitstop
RAYANA Word is Bond
● **LO-FT** Stop Billing:
Infonut, guests, \$5
● **MICRODOT** DE: Black Man,
Major Tom, \$5
● **WILDBROS** Taco Tuesday:
Guest DJ

CLASSICAL

● **BENAROYA HALL** Music
of Remembrance, 5 pm, free
● **CHRIST EPISCOPAL**
CHURCH Carole Winds

DATA BREAKER

BY DAVE SEGAL

Lord & Raye



exciting new signings and should not be missed (note the early start time of this show). Barboza, 7 pm, \$10 adv, 21+.

MONDAY 1/26

KOWTON'S WILD FUTURE
BASS/TECHNO HYBRIDS and RAICA'S
ABSTRACT ALIEN ATMOSPHERES
SUPPORT ANDY STOTT

Because the world-renowned English producer Andy Stott is covered in focus on Kowton and Raica here. Fellow Brit Kowton (Joe Cowton) records for scorching-hot labels Livvy Sound and Hesse Audio, so you know he's got the skills to give you chills. Working in that still evolving zone where dubstep/future bass intersects with techno, Kowton keeps his tracks endlessly fascinating with a panoply of warped and wild percussion sounds and delirious atmospheres, often with his production partner Pev. This is Kowton's Seattle debut.

Local producer Raica (aka Chloe Harris, co-owner of the excellent Further Records) keeps improving in her live sets while never repeating herself—a very rare combination in any genre. Working mainly with the Waldorf Q synthesizer, Raica creates a highly distinctive sonic vocabulary, which can be heard to best effect on Dose, a new vinyl reissue of her 2012 cassette release. It's a supremely unnerving collection of beatless compositions that find several different ways to evoke otherworldly atmospheres without relying on familiar signifiers (hear it at furtherrecords.org/album/dose). For this show, Raica will probably add rhythmic punch to her menagerie of surreal textures, to placate those restless Andy Stott fans. Neumos, 8 pm, \$15 adv, 21+.

FRIDAY 1/23

GHOSTLY INTERNATIONAL'S

BEACON AND LORD RAJA
Meet a couple of Ghostly International's newest bright hopes: Beacon and Lord RAJA. Beacon are the Brooklyn duo of Thomas Mullarney III and Jacob Gossett. They play lush yet spare space-based electronic music with heart-on-sleeve vocals that seemingly come from a woman—perhaps ex-Everything but the Girl's Tracey Thorn. But no, they're male vocals. This is 21st-century R&B with not a hair out of place and immaculately applied makeup. It's too cool even to work up a cold sweat. New York producer Lord RAJA (aka Chester Raj Anand) debuted on Ghostly last year with *A Constant Moth*, a vividly hued, jagged fusion of hip-hop, IDM, footwork, and dreamy ambient music. He makes tracks that are at once jittery and chill, a rare feat. At its best, *A Constant Moth* sounds like something off Flying Lotus's Brainfeeder label. Lord RAJA is one of Ghostly's most

WEEKLY EVENTS

MON SALSA
TUE TANGO
WED WEST COAST
WED SWING
THU SALSA
KIZOMBA
FRI SALSA
KIZOMBA
TANGO
SAT SALSA
SWING
SUN SWING

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FILM



WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS "Okay, now just put the apple on your head, dear"

William S. Burroughs Was Better as a Movie Star Than as a Writer

More Life Off the Page Than On

BY CHARLES MUDEDE

There are two Burroughses. One is fascinating, the other one not so much. One is like a creature from another world; the other has the originality of an artist who finds middle-class values to be suffocating and dadaism to be liberating. The first Burroughs can do something as basic as walking down a street, or as empty as

staring at you with those bleary and old eyes, or as banal as singing a popular tune from back in the day while doing some chore or

other in a small apartment, and yet he never for a moment loses his grip on your attention. The other Burroughs is the one we find in the pages of his books (of which there are too many), and also his readings—desk on a stage, lamp over papers, flat words flowing out of a mouth whose lips barely part. The sad truth (for some) is that Burroughs is just far more fascinating as a person—as a body, as clothes on that body, as a being at rest or in motion—than as a writer.

William S. Burroughs, of course, was an American novelist in the inner circle of the mid-century Beat movement. He took lots of heavy drugs, and shot his wife in the head when, according to him and witnesses, his aim failed to hit a glass placed on her head during some dark game in a bar. They were both drunk. Some close to him say that it was

the tragedy that jump-started his writing career. He suddenly got serious about life, and the pages began flying from his typewriter. Burroughs was also gay, and had a sexual relationship with the beat poet Allen Ginsberg, with whom he desired one of the most beautiful novelists to ever walk the earth, Jack Kerouac. In the trinity of the beats, Ginsberg is the Holy Ghost, Kerouac the Son, and Burroughs the Father. Still, judging from his emergence as a pop icon in the '90s, and extrapolating from his appearance in Gus Van Sant's *Drugstore Cowboy* and from David Cronenberg's brilliant film adaptation of *Naked Lunch*, there was far more life in Burroughs off the page than on.

Now let's turn to a moment early in the engaging 1983 documentary *Burroughs: The Movie*, directed by Jim Jarmusch's classmate Howard Brookner and showing this week at the Grand Illusion. The author is revisiting his childhood home in St. Louis. He is strolling with a cane. The neighborhood is leafy. And the house once owned by his family is huge and made of brick. Burroughs mentions (or mumbles—he never really talks) something about the art of calling toads and also about how the son of his parents' black gardener played the violin. Later, he is interviewed in a living room with this gardener, who appears to have retired. Burroughs brings up the gardener's son. What happened to him? He used to play violin, the gardener confirms, but he also died young in the early '50s. Burroughs never explains why he was so interested in the violinist. We can only guess it was his first crush.

Nevertheless, you will find nothing in *Junky*, Burroughs's most famous book, and the only one I can honestly say I was able to finish (it was loaned to me by a junkie who lived in the flat above mine during the time I spent in Docklands in London, 1988), half as compelling as watching Burroughs talk with the father of the dead violinist. ■

**Burroughs:
The Movie**
dir: Howard Brookner
Grand Illusion

Films That Are Better Than the Books They're Adapted From

Because Sometimes They Are

BY CHARLES MUDEDE, PAUL CONSTANT, AND SEAN NELSON

Morticia! opens on Friday, January 23. Evidence—the absence of a preview screening, the fact that Johnny Depp is the star—indicates that David Koepf's film is unlikely to do justice to Kyril Bonfiglioli's brilliant P.G. Wodehouse-meets-Elmore Leonard novels, from which it is adapted. But there's always hope. Or maybe there never is. Regardless, some film adaptations wind up being better than the books that inspired them. Just like some lists are better than full articles, don't you find?

The Color Purple

The poetry entirely missing in the epistolary novel *The Color Purple* by Alice Walker is found in Steven Spielberg's masterful adaptation, which stars Whoopi Goldberg, Danny Glover, and Oprah Winfrey. In fact, it's fair to place the film in the canon of serious black cinema—up there with *To Sleep with Anger* and *Daughters of the Dust*. The novel cannot be compared with the works of black

American literature—*Another Country*, *Song of Solomon*, and so on. Walker writes with hands not made of flesh and bone (that's James Baldwin) but of solid rock. Nietzsche once described the bite of conscience as a dog biting into a stone. One can imagine a dog biting Alice Walker's fingers and getting nowhere. In the movie, her moral heaviness is gently lifted, and what we see and feel is a beautiful and bluesy pastoral. CHARLES MUDEDE

Naked Lunch

Is William S. Burroughs's *Naked Lunch* even a novel? This question can be debated without end or progress. As for the film *Naked Lunch*, we have no such doubts: It's a great horror movie. And why is the latter understandable and the former not? Because the director David Cronenberg basically ignored much of the text and instead built a coherent—if hallucinatory—story about the kind of person, William S. Burroughs, who would write a book like *Naked Lunch*. CHARLES MUDEDE

High Fidelity

Nick Hornby's most famous novel is also his most brazen act of self-identification as a rock-and-roll asshole (the surest way, as it happens, to come off like a rock-and-roll asshole). It took the reflexively likable John Cusack to make Rob's hyperintentional dickery seem more like romantic agony and less like bragging. Plus, the book didn't have Jack Black. SEAN NELSON



Sideways and The Descendants

Alexander Payne demonstrates a remarkable capacity to milk art from mediocrity. Both *Sideways* and *The Descendants* are inventive, energetic renovations of shabby mid-list debut novels about white dukes struggling with middle crises. And both films are so good, they basically erased the novels from the face of the earth. (Payne's *Election* and about *Schindler* are both adapted from good novels,

and their translations are much more generous in opposite ways: *Election* leans close to the text, while *Schindler* is basically an entirely new story.) PAUL CONSTANT

Noah

The best part of Darren Aronofsky's biblical epic was the invention of the giant rock creatures that help Noah carry out his God-given orders—both because they frame the story as patent fantasy (thus allowing the film to be served by genre parameters) and because they basically dare biblical purists to cry "What a ridiculous contrivance!" SEAN NELSON

Brighton Rock

The novel on which the 1947 film *Brighton Rock* is based is not at all bad. The reason the film is so much better than the book, which was written by a young Graham Greene, and set in the 1930s in the seedy parts of an English seaside town, is the late Richard Attenborough. He took the character in the book, Pinkie Brown, to another dimension of evil and meanness. The young man in the novel is a punk; the young man on the screen is a demon. The 2010 adaptation of *Brighton Rock*, however, is much worse than the original. CHARLES MUDEDE

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got subtitles, for one thing, and everyone knows American children can't read. For another thing, the game looks cheap compared to even the kind of computer-generated imagery you'll see on American television these days. But if your kid isn't a cynical twit, odds are good they'll be interested in what the sometimes-chase-rendering and appreciate the world of *Labyrinth*—with its skyscrapers of cardboard boxes, tunnels of maps floating in outer space, and pop-up book villas—for the pleasant diversion that it is. (PAUL CONSTANT) Northwest Film Forum, Sat Jan 24 at 3 p.m. The Children's Film Festival runs through Feb. 7 for complete schedule, see the stranger.com/film.

*** NAKED LUNCH**

See review, page 47. Grand Illusion, Fri Jan 23 at 9 p.m.

*** SPIRITED AWAY**

T'm sorry my sister turned your parents into pigs, but there's nothing I can do. Central Cinema, Fri 7 p.m., Sat-Sun 3 p.m., Mon-Tues 7 p.m.

TROLL 2

The crap film that started it all. Premiere: A family decides to vacation in a small rural town, but realize it's filled with oak-eating, plaque-ridden, mutant-bearing vegetable-kind Central Cinema, Fri-Tues 10 p.m.

NOW PLAYING

AMERICAN SNIPER

Bradley Cooper's physical transformation into American Sniper's Chris Kyle—swollen up like a parade balloon with a bushy beard and a thick backcountry Texas accent—represents a new career bet. More impressive, though, is his stiffness. Whether at the center of a battlefield in Fallujah or quietly suffering through PTSD at a backyard barbecue, Cooper is practically a statue until he decides to put that monotone body into motion, first as a Navy SEAL, and then as the sniper with the most confirmed kills in United States military history. The rest of American Sniper doesn't rise to Cooper's steely standard. Clint Eastwood's celebrated get-the-shot-and-move-on directorial style has devolved from no-nonsense to simply uncaring—the image of Kyle consoling an obviously rubbery prop baby in the most laughable offense Kyle gives the mission of Iraq as a single case of good guys versus bad guys, and Eastwood congratulates him for it, sidestepping the sniper's real-life darkness—his

autobiography from which the film is adapted—refers to killing the "nawgys" as "fun" and boasts of killing lotions in the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina—to mount the case for Kyle as an American hero. Full stop. If Eastwood were interested in more than hagiography, it could've been a definitive cinematic statement on the Iraq invasion. Instead, it's another forgettable one, with a brilliant performance at its center. (PAUL CONSTANT) Various locations.

*** A MOST VIOLENT YEAR**

Bradford Young, the cinematographer for *Selma*, a biopic about MLK's human-rights campaign in Selma, Alabama, also shot *A Most Violent Year*, a film set in the age of hip-hop's birth—the early 1980s. The movie is about Abel (played by the handsome Oscar Isaac), a man who has a beautiful wife (a surprisingly busty Jessica Chastain—never knew she could rock it like that), beautiful kids, a beautiful house, and an unglamorous business that sells oil to working-class New Yorkers. Everything was going right in Abel's life until some very bad people started regularly robbing his truck drivers. Who are those goons working for? To complicate matters, Abel has big plans to expand his business. But everything will fall apart if the robberies don't stop. That is basically the plot, which is not bad, and the film as a whole is really quite good. The direction is strong, the acting solid, and the cinematography crisp. There is also, thankfully, very little local color in *A Most Violent Year*. (CHARLES WUDDEN) Various locations.

*** SELMA**

Speak up at your peril: This sentiment punctuates Ava DuVernay's *Selma*, which takes on the 1965 Selma to Montgomery voting-rights marches led by Martin Luther King Jr., James Bevel, Hosea Williams, and John Lewis. Throughout *Selma*, King's family is targeted by the FBI and activists are brutally beaten by police. But it's another historical detail that's drawn criticism from viewers: Much ink has been spilled over *Selma*'s treatment of then-president Lyndon Johnson (Tom Wilkinson). But while the film's version of events has likely furrowed the brows of denigrating scholars, it's a more accurate and well-told, but framed as someone managing conflicting alliances and interests, who ultimately does the right thing—you know, a politician. DuVernay pulls strong performance from David Oyelowo as King, and Carmen Ejogo as Coretta Scott King, but the actors in smaller roles really

make *Selma*'s world, from the perennially great Wendell Pierce to Orange Is the New Black's Lorraine Toussaint. Despite the quality of these performances, though, there's a flatness to the characters, perhaps due to *Selma*'s broad scope. When activists like King are presented on film, they're often framed as less radical than they actually were. So it's notable that *Selma* addresses King's opposition to the Vietnam War, as well as the violence the real-life demonstrators faced. There is a lot of violence in *Selma*, as in the real *Selma*. The film's second scene is particularly shocking, even though, if you know anything about American history, you'll know what's going to happen from its first moments. DuVernay's willingness to engage with this particularly American history of violence sets *Selma* apart. Portraying a movement on film is an impossible task, but if DuVernay has succeeded, it's in the way *Selma* forces a kind of reckoning for its viewer. At these moments, you won't be able to look away. And you shouldn't. (MEGAN BURBANK) Various locations.

SONG ONE

Kate Barker-Froyland's directorial debut is a contemplative, heart-on-sleeve affair, marking a change of pace for Anne Hathaway after *Les Misérables* and *Interstellar*. Though it's filled with music, Hathaway's Franny is more of a listener than a musician. After her brother, Henry, a subway busker, ends up in a coma, she returns to Brooklyn from Morocco, where she's been working on her doctorate in anthropology, in going through his belongings, she notices the name of British troubadour James Forester (Johnny Flynn, a Michael Pitt look-alike with Miles Teller scars), so she introduces herself after a show. He turns up at Henry's hospital room afterward, though it's hard to tell if he's more interested in the unconscious young man or his vulnerable sister. When she isn't by Henry's bedside, Franny hangs out with her mother (Mary Steenburgen) and James, who plans to leave for England in a few days. One of these story lines will find resolution, and the other will not. Produced by Jonathan Demme, who directed Hathaway to an Oscar nomination in *Rachel Getting Married*, *Song One* is a small film that feels even less consequential than intended (*Uenny* Kelly and Kathryn Rice provided the folk-oriented songs). Hathaway emotes prettily, but this slight picture exposes on contact. (JATHY FENNESSY) Sundance Cinemas, Fri-Tues. For showtimes, see the stranger.com/film.

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GOODWILL BOY

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4TH AND PIKE BARE

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BLACK JACKET BLACK BOTS

Black Jacket Black Bots. I saw you at goodfellas in Tacoma. You were the first to show up. I saw anything. I was wearing black pants and jacket with a neat tie knot. Short black hair and a smile. I should have been there with you. When: Saturday, January 17, 2015. Where: 60th Ave Goodwill. Who: Man. Man. Woman. #520686

AMERICANS AND GOPPEL-GANGERS

Americans and Goppel-gangers. I saw you at goodfellas in Tacoma. You were the first to show up. I saw anything. I was wearing black pants and jacket with a neat tie knot. Short black hair and a smile. I should have been there with you. When: Saturday, January 17, 2015. Where: 60th Ave Goodwill. Who: Man. Man. Woman. #520686

BOBO AND T. RIDDLE

Bobo and T. Riddle. I saw you at goodfellas in Tacoma. You were the first to show up. I saw anything. I was wearing black pants and jacket with a neat tie knot. Short black hair and a smile. I should have been there with you. When: Saturday, January 17, 2015. Where: 60th Ave Goodwill. Who: Man. Man. Woman. #520686

NICE BOOTS

Nice boots. I saw you at goodfellas in Tacoma. You were the first to show up. I saw anything. I was wearing black pants and jacket with a neat tie knot. Short black hair and a smile. I should have been there with you. When: Saturday, January 17, 2015. Where: 60th Ave Goodwill. Who: Man. Man. Woman. #520686

APPLE OF MY EYE?

Apple of my eye? I saw you at goodfellas in Tacoma. You were the first to show up. I saw anything. I was wearing black pants and jacket with a neat tie knot. Short black hair and a smile. I should have been there with you. When: Saturday, January 17, 2015. Where: 60th Ave Goodwill. Who: Man. Man. Woman. #520686

TAKE OFF YOUR SMARTY PANTS!

Take off your smarty pants! I saw you at goodfellas in Tacoma. You were the first to show up. I saw anything. I was wearing black pants and jacket with a neat tie knot. Short black hair and a smile. I should have been there with you. When: Saturday, January 17, 2015. Where: 60th Ave Goodwill. Who: Man. Man. Woman. #520686

BOXING DAY DOWNEY RACES

Boxing day downey races. I saw you at goodfellas in Tacoma. You were the first to show up. I saw anything. I was wearing black pants and jacket with a neat tie knot. Short black hair and a smile. I should have been there with you. When: Saturday, January 17, 2015. Where: 60th Ave Goodwill. Who: Man. Man. Woman. #520686

TWILIGHT EXIT

Twilight exit. I saw you at goodfellas in Tacoma. You were the first to show up. I saw anything. I was wearing black pants and jacket with a neat tie knot. Short black hair and a smile. I should have been there with you. When: Saturday, January 17, 2015. Where: 60th Ave Goodwill. Who: Man. Man. Woman. #520686

HEY YES!

Hey yes! I saw you at goodfellas in Tacoma. You were the first to show up. I saw anything. I was wearing black pants and jacket with a neat tie knot. Short black hair and a smile. I should have been there with you. When: Saturday, January 17, 2015. Where: 60th Ave Goodwill. Who: Man. Man. Woman. #520686

TRASHED MY BIKE

Trashed my bike. I saw you at goodfellas in Tacoma. You were the first to show up. I saw anything. I was wearing black pants and jacket with a neat tie knot. Short black hair and a smile. I should have been there with you. When: Saturday, January 17, 2015. Where: 60th Ave Goodwill. Who: Man. Man. Woman. #520686

ASHITONISHING BRUNNET

Ashitonishing brunnet. I saw you at goodfellas in Tacoma. You were the first to show up. I saw anything. I was wearing black pants and jacket with a neat tie knot. Short black hair and a smile. I should have been there with you. When: Saturday, January 17, 2015. Where: 60th Ave Goodwill. Who: Man. Man. Woman. #520686

WAYNARDS - REDCAT

Waynards - Redcat. I saw you at goodfellas in Tacoma. You were the first to show up. I saw anything. I was wearing black pants and jacket with a neat tie knot. Short black hair and a smile. I should have been there with you. When: Saturday, January 17, 2015. Where: 60th Ave Goodwill. Who: Man. Man. Woman. #520686

I DRINK YOUR MILKSHAKE

I drink your milkshake. I saw you at goodfellas in Tacoma. You were the first to show up. I saw anything. I was wearing black pants and jacket with a neat tie knot. Short black hair and a smile. I should have been there with you. When: Saturday, January 17, 2015. Where: 60th Ave Goodwill. Who: Man. Man. Woman. #520686

PHD STUDENT ON ANTRAK

Phd student on antrak. I saw you at goodfellas in Tacoma. You were the first to show up. I saw anything. I was wearing black pants and jacket with a neat tie knot. Short black hair and a smile. I should have been there with you. When: Saturday, January 17, 2015. Where: 60th Ave Goodwill. Who: Man. Man. Woman. #520686

BOS NEW YEAR'S EVE

Bos New Year's Eve. I saw you at goodfellas in Tacoma. You were the first to show up. I saw anything. I was wearing black pants and jacket with a neat tie knot. Short black hair and a smile. I should have been there with you. When: Saturday, January 17, 2015. Where: 60th Ave Goodwill. Who: Man. Man. Woman. #520686

THOSE SUNGLASSES ARE SO YOU!

Those sunglasses are so you! I saw you at goodfellas in Tacoma. You were the first to show up. I saw anything. I was wearing black pants and jacket with a neat tie knot. Short black hair and a smile. I should have been there with you. When: Saturday, January 17, 2015. Where: 60th Ave Goodwill. Who: Man. Man. Woman. #520686

3MAY DAY MAYFLOWER PARK HOTEL

3May Day Mayflower Park Hotel. I saw you at goodfellas in Tacoma. You were the first to show up. I saw anything. I was wearing black pants and jacket with a neat tie knot. Short black hair and a smile. I should have been there with you. When: Saturday, January 17, 2015. Where: 60th Ave Goodwill. Who: Man. Man. Woman. #520686

LESA AT DWAYNES

Lesa at Dwaynes. I saw you at goodfellas in Tacoma. You were the first to show up. I saw anything. I was wearing black pants and jacket with a neat tie knot. Short black hair and a smile. I should have been there with you. When: Saturday, January 17, 2015. Where: 60th Ave Goodwill. Who: Man. Man. Woman. #520686

SMILING IN OCCIDENTAL AVE SOUTH

Smiling in Occidental Ave South. I saw you at goodfellas in Tacoma. You were the first to show up. I saw anything. I was wearing black pants and jacket with a neat tie knot. Short black hair and a smile. I should have been there with you. When: Saturday, January 17, 2015. Where: 60th Ave Goodwill. Who: Man. Man. Woman. #520686

SEATAC LIKE YOUR SHIRT

Seatac like your shirt. I saw you at goodfellas in Tacoma. You were the first to show up. I saw anything. I was wearing black pants and jacket with a neat tie knot. Short black hair and a smile. I should have been there with you. When: Saturday, January 17, 2015. Where: 60th Ave Goodwill. Who: Man. Man. Woman. #520686

GIRL

Girl. I saw you at goodfellas in Tacoma. You were the first to show up. I saw anything. I was wearing black pants and jacket with a neat tie knot. Short black hair and a smile. I should have been there with you. When: Saturday, January 17, 2015. Where: 60th Ave Goodwill. Who: Man. Man. Woman. #520686

SMILING EYES ON DOWN-TOWN LEMONGRASS

Smiling eyes on down-town lemongrass. I saw you at goodfellas in Tacoma. You were the first to show up. I saw anything. I was wearing black pants and jacket with a neat tie knot. Short black hair and a smile. I should have been there with you. When: Saturday, January 17, 2015. Where: 60th Ave Goodwill. Who: Man. Man. Woman. #520686

CASHIER AT KOHL'S LYNNWOOD

Cashier at Kohl's Lynnwood. I saw you at goodfellas in Tacoma. You were the first to show up. I saw anything. I was wearing black pants and jacket with a neat tie knot. Short black hair and a smile. I should have been there with you. When: Saturday, January 17, 2015. Where: 60th Ave Goodwill. Who: Man. Man. Woman. #520686

FREE BET FOR THE LOST STITCH

Free bet for the lost stitch. I saw you at goodfellas in Tacoma. You were the first to show up. I saw anything. I was wearing black pants and jacket with a neat tie knot. Short black hair and a smile. I should have been there with you. When: Saturday, January 17, 2015. Where: 60th Ave Goodwill. Who: Man. Man. Woman. #520686

PHIL AT 3RD+PIKE

Phil at 3rd+Pike. I saw you at goodfellas in Tacoma. You were the first to show up. I saw anything. I was wearing black pants and jacket with a neat tie knot. Short black hair and a smile. I should have been there with you. When: Saturday, January 17, 2015. Where: 60th Ave Goodwill. Who: Man. Man. Woman. #520686

STARBUCKS

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SMILING IN OCCIDENTAL AVE SOUTH

Smiling in Occidental Ave South. I saw you at goodfellas in Tacoma. You were the first to show up. I saw anything. I was wearing black pants and jacket with a neat tie knot. Short black hair and a smile. I should have been there with you. When: Saturday, January 17, 2015. Where: 60th Ave Goodwill. Who: Man. Man. Woman. #520686

TOVE LO HIPPIE SABOTAGE MIX

Tove lo hippie sabotage mix. I saw you at goodfellas in Tacoma. You were the first to show up. I saw anything. I was wearing black pants and jacket with a neat tie knot. Short black hair and a smile. I should have been there with you. When: Saturday, January 17, 2015. Where: 60th Ave Goodwill. Who: Man. Man. Woman. #520686

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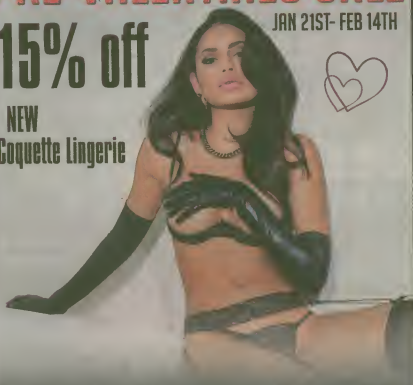
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SAVAGE LOVE

The Hunger BY DAN SAVAGE

I'm a straight 18-year-old girl in my first sexual relationship. Things are a little awkward, and I could chalk it up to inexperience, but here's what I feel conflicted about: I have a vore fetish. It was a fascination for me as a young child and became a sexual thing around the time I hit puberty. I'm wondering now whether this is something I need to get off. It works well when I'm on my own, but I always thought "regular stuff" would work too once I was actually getting some. I've told my boyfriend about it, and he's more than willing to role-play with me. But these fantasies are in-my-head-only, and as they rarely feature human beings (think anthropomorphic monsters and dragons, strange as this may seem), so I don't know if I could actually do this. Maybe we just need to hold out a little until we know what we're doing and regular stuff will cut it off after all! I have a mounting suspicion that it's not, and I'm having trouble coming to terms with what seems to be a really warped, messed-up fetish. What if this is the only thing I can get off to? Am I doomed to solo sex forever?

Vore Only Really Excites

A quick dip into Wikipedia for readers who aren't familiar with the term "vore." Vorephilia (often shortened to vore) is a paraphilia wherein an individual's sexual arousal occurs in response to a fantasy of themselves, another person, or an object eating or being eaten.... The fantasy sometimes involves the victim being swallowed whole, though on some occasions the victims are chewed up, and may or may not include digestion."

Makes you wonder how many of the people who were furious with the Discovery Channel after that guy wasn't "eaten alive" by a snake were secretly vore fetishists.

Anyway, VORE, you're not the only person on earth whose sexual fantasies revolve around or are completely dominated by something impossible or unrealistic. The lady centaur fetishist is not and never will be a lady centaur; the guy into giant women has not met and will never meet a 50-foot-tall woman on the subway; you are not and never will be a monster capable of swallowing another monster whole.

While most people with unrealistic fetishes or fantasies enjoy "regular stuff" all by itself, a great many do not. The latter type—kinksters who can't get off to regular stuff—allow their impossible/unrealistic fantasies to play out in their heads while they enjoy the intimacy and physical sensations of non-vore/centaur/giant-stuff. Most aren't "checked out" during sex: They're enjoying regular stuff and irregular stuff simultaneously—they're fully present, getting into and getting off on their partners, all while their impossible/unrealistic fantasies play a loop in their heads, sometimes in the background, sometimes in the foreground.

So while you may be "doomed" to go through life with this fetish, VORE, you are not doomed to solo sex. You can have your fantasies and partnered sex too.

But I don't think I can have at this sex stuff long enough to conclude that you're incapable of enjoying regular stuff on its own. Everyone has their go-to fantasies, and years of solo masturbation can carve a deep groove in a person's erotic imagination. Since vore was where you always went when you were aroused prior to your boyfriend coming along, your brain may have automatically gone there when you got aroused with your boyfriend. Don't mistake what may have been force of habit for complete dependence, or what you seem to fear—complete dependence on your vore fantasies—could become a self-fulfilling prophecy.

As for your shame about your kink ("a really warped, messed-up fetish"), you gotta shake that shit off. Take it from Tynan Fox, a kinkster and public speaker: "We don't choose our kinks—our kinks choose us." You didn't choose

your kink, VORE, your kink chose you. So give yourself a break, okay? Stick with sex and kink-positive partners (like your current boyfriend), incorporate your kinks carefully and consensually, and don't neglect your partner's interests and possible kinks. You also might want to explore the furry/kinky community, a space where you can be (or meet) the anthropomorphic monster and/or dragon of your dreams.

You said you can't respond to questions that are too long, so I'm going to keep it short: I'm a 44-year-old divorced woman. An 18-year-old man who seemed attractive and confident approached me online, and I was intrigued. We hooked up for a one-night stand. We have now been together three times, and we're talking and texting about doing it again. The sex is amazing, the best I have ever had, and he says the same (I know—he's only 18). Is this bad? Am I bad? Should I stop seeing him?

Acting Young Again

My answer in brief: If he's actually 18 (did you card him?), if you're honoring the campaign rule (you will leave him in better shape than you found him), if he intends to honor the Tes and Sympathy rule after it's over (when he speaks of this in the future, and he will, he will be kind), then it's not bad, you're not bad, and you don't have to stop fucking him.

I live in a small city in a semi-rural area. I'm a single woman and am attracted to the idea of an underground swinger scene, or something similar, as a way to get some attachment-free action. But everyone around here knows each other or knows of each other, and something like this could be bad for my underground. I'm convinced a swinging scene exists here, but I have no idea how to find it. Those who strike me as the people who'd know are people I wouldn't want to ask. So aside from Craigslist, which I do not trust, how does one go about finding the swinging scene in a small town?

Small-Town Girl

"It's a shame none of the 'swinger identifiers' that have been proposed—like white rocks in the front yard or a black ring worn on the right hand—panned out, because they would make finding swingers easier," said Cooper S. Beckett, author of *My Life on the Swingset: Adventures in Swinging & Polyamory* and host of the *Life on the Swingset* podcast (lifeswingset.com). "But the swinger scene isn't as underground as it seems, so she shouldn't have to dig too deep to find it—even in her small town."

Beckett recommends—and I hope you're sitting down for this—going online, STG, where you have options other than Craigslist. "The wonders of the internet make this far easier than it used to be," said Beckett. "She should sign up for one of the many swinger dating websites, like Kaskidie or Lifestyle Lounge or Swing Life Style—but NOT Adult Friend Finder, which is full of fakes and cheaters and they nickel-and-dime you for everything." She can get a free trial and search for swingers in her area. If there aren't many people, try the closest bigger city. Whichever site has the most locals, buy a month and go to town. Another great alternative is Meetup.com, which has been a real boon for kinky people and it's free! She can sign up under a pseudonym if it helps. Then search for nonmonogamy or swinging meet-ups in her town or the nearest big city." Follow Beckett on Twitter @swingsetlife. ■

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FREE WILL ASTROLOGY

BY ROB BREZINSKY

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TAURUS (April 20-May 20): During his 67 years of life, Taurus-born Leonardo da Vinci achieved excellence in 12 different fields, from painting to engineering to anatomy. Today he is regarded as among the most brilliant humans who ever lived. "His genius was so rare and universal that it can be said that nature worked a miracle on his behalf," said one observer. "He covered above all other artists through the strength and the nobility of his talents," said another. Yet on his deathbed, Leonardo confessed, "I have offended God and mankind because my work did not reach the quality I should have. Typical for a Taurus, he underestimated himself!" It's very important that you not get in the same, especially in the coming weeks. The time has come for you to give yourself more of the credit and respect you deserve.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20): Where you have been and what you have done will be of little importance in the coming weeks. Both your mistakes and your triumphs will be irrelevant. In my estimation, you have a sacred duty to pay the price and reconquer the pleasures and challenges that lie ahead. So please turn your head off toward the frontier with an innocent gleam in your eye and a cheerful hunger for interesting surprises. Here's your Wilcoxon Question! If it's a klump pump it up.

CANCER (June 21-July 21): Will you ever find that treasured moment you misplaced? Here you are in the phase when these events are more likely than usual to happen. The same is true about unopportunities that you frittered away or a missing link that you almost tracked down but, ultimately, failed to secure. If you will ever have any hope of getting another shot at those lost toys, it

would be in the coming weeks. For best results, purge the regret and remove yourself from the mistakes you think you made once upon a time.

LEO (July 22-Aug 22): In the early 1300s, the people of the Mexico tribe had no homeland. They had wandered for centuries through the northern parts of what we now call Mesamerica. According to legend, that changed in 1323, when their priests revealed a vision of an eagle eating a snake while perched at the top of a prickly pear cactus. They declared that this was the location of the tribe's future power spot. Two years later, the prophecy was fulfilled. On an island in the middle of a lake, scouts spotted the eagle, snake, and cactus. And that was where the tribe built the town of Tenochtitlan, which ultimately became the center of Mexico. Today that place is called Mexico City. Have you had an equivalent vision, Leo? If you haven't yet, I bet you will. Go in search of it. Be alert.

VIRGO (Aug 23-Sept 22): By the end of the 16th century, nutmeg was in high demand throughout Europe. It was valued as a spice, medicine, and preservative. There was only one place in the world where it grew: on the Indonesian island of Run. The proto-capitalists of the Dutch East India Company gained dominance over Run and enslaved the local population to work on plantations. They fully controlled the global sale of nutmeg, which allowed them to charge exorbitant prices. But ultimately, their monopolies collapsed. Here's one reason why: Pigeons ate nutmeg seeds on Run, then flew to other islands and pooped them out, enabling plants to grow outside of Dutch jurisdiction. I see this story as an apt metaphor for you in the coming months, Virgo. What's your equivalent of the pigeons? Can you find unlikely allies to help you evade the controlling force that's limiting your options?

LIBRA (Sept 23-Oct 22): Have you trigged any brilliant breakthroughs lately? Have you made any cathartic denials through the very things have always been dead? Have you thought about outside the box that you can't even see the answer to? Probably not. The last few weeks have been a time of retirement and stabilization for you. But I bet you will start going creatively crazy very early in the best sense. Soon—and I mean that in the best sense—your mind will authorize your imagination to leap and whirl and dazzle.

SCORPIO (Oct 23-Nov 21): The casava plant produces a starchy root that is used to feed half a billion people around the planet. No one can simply cook it up and eat it, though. In its raw state, it contains the poisonous chemical cyanide, which must be removed by careful processing. An essential first step is to soak it in water for at least 18 hours. I see this process as

a metaphor for the work you have ahead of you. Soak away the residue of psychological and spiritual stagnation you will soon be available, but you will have to purge it twice before you can use and enjoy it.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22-Dec 21): Italian composer Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868) didn't like to work hard, and yet he was prolific. In fact, his desire to avoid strenuous exertion was an important factor in his abundant output. He got things done by his most famous operas, The Barber of Seville, took him just 13 days to finish. Another trick he relied on to reduce his workload was plagiarizing himself. He sometimes recycled passages from his earlier work into new compositions. Feeling good was another key element in his approach to discipline. If given a choice, he would tap into his creative energy while lounging in bed or hanging out with his buddies. In the coming weeks, Sagittarius, I recommend you employ these strategies as he has.

CAPRICORN (Dec 22-Jan 19): Each hour of our day, the sun uses up more energy than oil, gas, and coal can provide in an entire year. Sadly, much of our star's generous gift goes to waste. Our civilization isn't set up to take advantage of the sun. It's there a comfortable dynamo in your personal life, Capricorn? Are you leaning out of a flow of raw power and potential? If not, it's time you get totally serious about doing what you were born to do. You will be given the chance to slough off all that false and irrelevant and sloth. You will be invited to fully embrace the central purpose of your life. If you're interested in taking up that challenge, I suggest you adopt Oscar Wilde's motto: "Nothing is serious except passion." Your primary duty is to associate your life with the most important situations that force your deepest longings.

PISCES (Feb 19-March 20): Give up all hope for a better past, "writes Emily in her poem. In that's generally sound advice. But I think you may be able to find an exception to its rule in the coming weeks. As you work to forgive those who have betrayed and wronged you, and as you release yourself of bygone events, and as you untie knots that have weighed you down and slowed you up for far too long, you may be able to create a better past. Dare to believe that you can transform the shape and feel of your memory.

Homework: Name something you feel like begging for. Then visualize in great detail that this something is already yours. Report results at Freewillastrology.com.

A Bagley

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